

PONOKA HERALD.

EUGENE RHIAN, Editor and Proprietor.

—ALBERTA, THE FAIREST DAUGHTER OF CANADA.—

Subscription \$1.00 per year

VOLUME II.

PONOKA, ALBERTA, FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1902

NUMBER 34.

DIRECTORY.

D. C. Postoffice of Ponoka.

MAILS GOING NORTH CLOSE AT THE OFFICE AS FOLLOWS:
Monday and Friday 1:45 p. m.
Thursday 8:00 p. m.

MAILS GOING SOUTH CLOSE
Tuesday, Thurs. Sat. 10:45 a. m.
Wednesday and Friday 10:24 a. m.
Office hours from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
P. E. ALGAR, P. M.

C. & E. Time Table.

GOING NORTH
Monday, Wed. & Friday 14:45 p. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 15:00 p. m.

GOING SOUTH
Monday, Wed. Friday 10:50 a. m.
Tuesday, Thurs. & Sat. 11:10 a. m.

Ponoka Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN. Services at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. alternating every Sunday. Sabbath school at 10:00 a. m. Christian Endeavor at 8:00 p. m. Wednesday evenings. All cordially invited. J. A. MAIR, Pastor.

METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA. Services every Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10:00 a. m. Prayer meeting 8:00 p. m. on Friday evenings. The public cordially invited. THOMAS T. PERRY, Pastor.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND. Services held first and third Sunday in each month at 8:00 p. m.

ROMAN CATHOLIC. Services in the school house at 10:30 on the first Sunday in each month.

PROFESSIONAL.

BRINNAN & MEMBERY.

PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
Office over McKinnell's Drug Store.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

ALBERT E. SAGE

UNDERTAKER.

Full stock of Coffins and Caskets.
PONOKA ALBERTA.

PONOKA

Meat
Market.

CASE & FISHER, Props.

CHOICE MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

John A. Grant

TAXIDERMIST

Dealer in Furs.

All Work Guaranteed.

Terms Reasonable

RED DEER, ALTA.

Dentistry

DR. J. CHRISTIE,
Licentiate of the Royal College of
Dental Surgeons, Toronto.
Will visit Ponoka every

Friday and Saturday
with a view to locating permanently.

When desired

Teeth Extracted without Pain.

..COLE & LINVON..

House and Sign

Painters &
Decorators.

Our prices are reasonable and all our work is guaranteed. Give us your order to paint your building.

A. COLE or J. L. INTON.
THE PONOKA PAINTERS

Correspondence.

Brooks School District.

Miss Smith, of Ontario, who was engaged to teach the school for the season, resigned her position, and Miss Bray, sister of Lawyer Bray, of Ponoka, now holds the fort.

Harold Gibson, our teacher last year, was a recent visitor in the district.

Rev. J. A. Mair and wife were visitors in the neighborhood.

Spring work goes on in good shape now. Farmers are sowing their wheat and preparing their oat ground for the drill. Barley did fully better last year than some of the farmers expected, hence a bigger acreage will be sown this year.

The ladies have planted their seeds in boxes, so as to have their plants ready for transplanting as soon as the ground is sufficiently warm. Do not be in too big a hurry to get your work done. Seed time and harvest will come in the time that is best. If you will do as the good-wives in Ontario did in the early days, you will have earlier fruit—that is, transplant two or three times in the house before the final removal to the garden. In this way you will have stronger, stockier and earlier plants to set out.

The bridge across the brook on A. C. McCallum's place has been rebuilt, a number of the neighbors assisting in the work. F. S. Fish put one across the brook on his claim for his private use. As the brook divides these two claims, both were a necessity.

Another young lady teacher came all the way from the city of Hamilton, Ont., to take charge of our school as a substitute for Miss Smith, but the place was filled ere she reached here. We are very glad to learn that the Seafield district engaged her, and from what we learned of the young lady's qualifications she will give good satisfaction.

Miss Bray set a precedent for future teachers in our district in the matter of scrubbing the school house. She with some of the older girls and boys got to work on Friday afternoon and did the job. If she succeeds in doing this in the inside, we would suggest that the attention of the board be drawn to the untidy appearance of the surroundings of the school. The school grounds should be a model for neatness to the district and we have no doubt that Miss Bray will do her share.

Another family has reached the district and will add to the school population. This time it is a brother of John Matterer.

Old Mr. Clark, who was out here last fall and located in the next town to us, has come on, with two of his boys.

Rev. Lincoln has come to stay for a while on his claim but we hear he is to work for Joe Stretch after a time of rest.

Special Notice.

F. E. Algar & Co. beg to state that as they will be at heavy expense erecting their new building, parties owing them would confer a favor by kindly settling their accounts.

Our Advertisers.

The following firms patronize the advertising columns of the local paper and will be found strictly reliable to our readers for any dealings in their line. Patronize those who help to up-build their town and country:

Allen, R. K.—Hardware, Machinery, Algers & Co.—General Merchants, Case & Fisher—Meat Market, Cole & Hyer—Painters, Christie, Dr. John—Dentist, Conright & Son, W. R.—Lumber and Machinery.

Dodd Bros.—Harness and Saddlery, East, W. J.—General Merchant, Fairley & Walker—General Mde., Grant, John A.—Taxidermist, Griffin, Mrs. L.—Washing, Hudson, J. W.—Jeweler, Huber, J. A.—Barber, Horn, Geo.—Pumps.

Jones, Wm. M.—Livery and Feed, Lowman & Co.—Saw Mill, Lott, C. S.—Tannery, Lourenson, S.—Royal Hotel, Merchants Bank—General Banking, McKinnell, R. W.—Drugs, Stationery, etc., McMillan, W. G.—Wood, McMillan & Herrick—Grain and Flour.

Pittsford, W. D.—Real Estate, Reed, Clinton C.—Real Estate, Robinson, John—Carpenter, Spackman, W. H.—Hardware, and Tinware.

Starkley, Geo.—Blacksmith, Sellers & McCue, Hotel Leland, Turner & Co, W. R.—Lumber and Machinery, Trimble, W. N.—Livery and Feed.

Wanted.

Fifteen acres of grain put in three miles north of town. Inquire at this office.

Hay for Sale.

I have 18 tons of hay in sell on section 12, 43, 25, four miles northeast of Ponoka. J. W. FLEMING.

Cattle for Sale.

I have One Hundred cows for sale. All to be fresh in May. They range from two years to five years old and include some No. 1 cows and heifers. Also six yokes of extra large three and four year old steers and a number of registered and grade Durham bulls.

For terms and further particulars, write or call on A. L. BALL, Ponoka.

Call for Tenders.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned until 12 o'clock on Saturday, May 2, 1902, for the building of a frame school house on section 15, township 42, range 24, building to be 20x32, 12-foot posts. Plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Herald or at the undersigned on section 14-42-24. Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

G. MALCROW,
Secretary Concord S. D. No. 658.

Dry salt bacon 1c at Case's.

Kettle rendered lard 14c.—Case.

Best loin beefsteak 12c.—Case.

Sale bills neatly and promptly printed at this office.

Guaranteed pure home-rendered lard, any quantity, 14 cents.

CASE'S BUTCHER SHOP.


W. S. Fisher

Breeder of..

PURE-BRED
PLYMOUTH ROCK
CHICKENS

15 Eggs \$1.00.

These Birds Secure
From \$9 to 94.



Value!!


For the BEST VALUE in—

**Dry Goods,
Boots & Shoes,
Hats & Caps,**


GO TO

Fairley & Walker.

N. B.—Highest Price Paid for Butter and Eggs.



HARDWARE. TINWARE.



A SHEET OF TIN

Is put to many uses and in this sheets of tin a sixteen-formed into something useful and handsome. TINSING WORK FOR BUILDERS is made a specialty at this time of year. ROOFING, CORPICE, SKYLIGHTS, RAIN PIPE, etc. Work guaranteed. Prices moderate.

W. H. SPACKMAN.

STOVES. FURNACES.

GEO. STARKEY'S

Blacksmith Shop

Is the Popular Place with all who want good work at low price.

PLOW WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE HERALD.

Published at Ponoka, Alberta, every Friday morning.

EUGENE RHIAN, Proprietor.

All bills rendered the 1st of the month.

Subscription \$1.00 in advance.

All communications intended for publication in the current issue should reach this office the preceding Tuesday. Correspondence from surrounding country cannot be solicited. Advertising rates on application.

Market Reports

Wheat	40c-50c
Oats	25c-30c
Barley	25c-30c
Chopped feed per cwt.	\$1.10
Beans	\$1.00
Shorts	\$1.10
Flour per cwt.	\$2.40 to \$3.00
Potatoes per bu.	10c.
Eggs per doz.	15c
Butter per lb.	13c to 17c

THE PONOKA

Saw Mill.

Now in Operation for the Season.

CUSTOM SAWING.
Five Dollars per Thousand.

Patronize home industry by buying your lumber at the Ponoka Sawmill.

Be sure to bring your Permits. We cannot saw your logs without.

Loewen & Co.,
Proprietors.

Barber
Shop:::

Next door to C. C. Ship.
Night Shaves \$1.00.
Hair Cut 25c.

JAKE HUBER,
Proprietor.

Canadian Pacific R'y.

The Route
TO
Australasia
and
The Orient.
CANADA'S SCENIC ROUTE.

Travel by the C. P. R. and be assured of SOLID COMFORT. First-class C. P. R. sleepers on all through trains THROUGH TOURISTS' SLEEPERS THE BEST. Tourist rates quoted to all points East and South, OLD COUNTRY THE ORIENT THE ANTIPODAS. Apply to nearest C. P. R. agent or C. E. McPherson, G. P. A., or Wm. Sutt, A. G. P. A., Winnipeg.

Town Lots for Sale

-IN-

PONOKA

Reasonable prices. Easy terms. General managers, O'Brien, Hammond & Nanton, Winnipeg. C. S. Lott, Calgary, Agent.

For maps, prices, etc. apply to
T. J. WEST,
C. P. R. A., Ponoka.

Seed Oats for Sale.

White Banner, Swedish Milling, and Early Northwestern. J. M. Cox.

Shoemaking.

Made Lind Madsen is again in his shoe shop in Ponoka, prepared to do all kinds of repairing or shoemaking in all its phases. Eighteen years of experience.

Strayed.

From my place on sec. 22-43-27, on or about March 5, one bay gelding, weight about 900, with halter on, branded 07 with bar above on left hip, white strip in face. Information liberally rewarded by me or at the Herald office. C. S. WISN

Groceries - Dry Goods.

I have on hand at Tyler Bros. old stand at Ferrybank a General Stock of Groceries and Dry Goods. Boots and shoes at reduced prices. Call and see me. Butter and eggs taken at market prices. Terms Cash. GEORGE MOORE.

PRICE LIST.

A. C. Dewhurst's Meat Market.

Beefsteak - 12c
Holling Beef - 6c and 8c
Round - 10c
Corned Beef - 10c
Pork Steak - 12c
Breakfast Bacon - 15c
Salt Bacon - 15c and 14c
Smoked Ham - 15c
Fresh Pork - 8c and 10c
Fish - 10c
Mixed Sausage - 12c
Bologna - 15c
Head Cheese - 15c
A. C. DEWHURST, Prop.

NOTICE

The Liquor License Ordinance of the Northwest Territories.

A meeting of the board of license commissioners for license district No. 12 will be held at Wetaskiwin on Tuesday, the 20th day of May, 1902, at 10 o'clock a. m., to consider the following applications for licenses received by me: LAURENDEAU, S. Ponoka, wholesale, Lot 10, Block 2.

SELLERS & McCUE, Ponoka, hotel, Hotel Leland.
Dated at Regina, this 10th day of April, 1902.

HORACE HARVEY,
Deputy Attorney General.

Try our pressed cooked corned beef 15c. - Case's Shop.

Try our home rendered lard, 14 cent per pound, guaranteed pure. - Case's Shop.

Washing

Ironing and Mending
Neatly and Promptly Done.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
MRS. LUCINDA GRIFIN.

FOR RENT.
Good Improved Farm.
Eugene Rhian.

KoLing's
Chinese Laundry

NOW OPEN.
Opposite Postoffice.

Washing and Ironing of all kinds. Fine Hard Laundry a specialty.

RESTAURANT -
Meals at all hours 25c.

Ponoka
WOOD YARD.

Wood Bought and Sold
Wood delivered in the village at 90 cents per cord. Custom sawing at reasonable prices. I am here to stay and solicit your trade.
LEAVE ORDERS AT JONES' GILVERY.
W. G. MERKLEY.

New House and Newly Furnished.

Rates:
\$1 and \$2 per day.

Hotel Leland

SELLERS & McCUE, Props.

Special Attention to Commercial Trade.

Ponoka, Alta.

The Bar is stocked with a Fine Stock of Liquors and Cigars.

PIONEER

Livery Feed and Sale Stable.

W. M. JONES, Prop.

If you want to make a drive get your team at -

...Jones' Livery Stable.

Special attention to care of FARMERS' TEAMS.

Draying Promptly Done at Low Prices.

W. R. Courtwright & Son,

THE LEADING
Lumber Dealers.

MOLINE FARM IMPLEMENTS
SYLVESTER BROS. DRILLS....

Also represent the WAWANESA MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.

...Brick House...
...Everything strictly First-Class...
...Newly Furnished.

ROYAL HOTEL.

S. LAURENDEAU, Prop.
T. LAVOL, Manager.

The bar is stocked with the choicest liquors and cigars.
The cuisine is equal to the leading hotels in Alberta.
Special attention to commercial trade. Rates \$1 to \$2 per day.

W. E. TURNER & CO.
Dealers in

Native and Coast Lumber.

SASH, DOORS, MOULDINGS,
SHINGLES AND LATH.

PRICES AS LOW AS GOOD GOODS WILL ALLOW.

Ponoka, Alta.

W. D. PITCAIRN,

Notary Public,
Auctioneer,
Real Estate Agent.

Legal Documents Drawn Up.

Agent for London Assurance Co., Established 1730,
Manitoba Assurance Co.

Town and country risks against fire accepted at lowest rates.

Sub-Agency Dominion Lands.

CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS.



Asthma Cure Free!

Asthmatics Bring Instant Relief And Permanent Cure.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL. WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY.

There is nothing like Asthma, it brings instant relief even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Vt. W. R. G. 1, says: "Your trial bottle of Asthma Cure received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good delivered from it. I was a slave chained with painful sore throat and asthma. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, and thought you had overruled your promise, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full sized bottle!"

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler, Rabbi of the Cong. B'nai Israel, New York, January 3, 1901.
Dear TAPT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthma Cure for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign on your windows on 120th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthma Cure. I commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon used it and to my surprise my asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from any symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to any who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Avon Springs, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.
DR. TAPT BROS. MEDICINE CO. Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthma Cure for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others, I chanced to see your sign on your windows on 120th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthma Cure. I commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon used it and to my surprise my asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from any symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to any who are afflicted with this distressing disease.
O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

DR. TAPT BROS. MEDICINE CO. I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full sized bottle and am very grateful. I have a family of four children and for six years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and doing business every day. This testimony you can make use of as you see fit. Home address 255 Livingston street. S. RAHAEL, Feb. 3, 1901, 67 East 120th St. N. Y.

TRIAL BOTTLE SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Do not delay. Write at once addressing DR. TAPT BROS. MEDICINE CO., 79 East 120th St., N. Y. City SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

GREAT FARMERS' Clubbing
Offer

Take advantage of our great clubbing offer and secure the following for \$1.75

The Nor'-West Farmer \$1.00
Our Weekly 1.00
Western Home Monthly .25
\$2.50

Let us have your subscription of one year if you are a NEW subscriber. The Nor'-West Farmer or Western Home Monthly, you will receive both of these papers for the balance of the year.

If you are already paid in advance for the Nor'-West Farmer or Western Home Monthly, you will receive both of these papers for the balance of the year. Send your subscription to Western Home Monthly to another address.

Ponoka and District.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

This office will take some straw on subscription.

Frank Boynton has assisted in the mechanical work of the HERALD this week.

B. Woodward, of Pontiac, Mich., was here a couple of days with a view of locating in business.

Our job press has been running a good share of this week. Come in if you need any thing in this line.

Miss Cameron, late of Ontario will teach the Seafeld school, to begin about the 15th of next month.

A. J. Aldrich was in town Saturday buying material for the Scott school house which he is now at work on.

The village school house is being painted which greatly improves its outward appearance. Sam Bunn is wielding the brush.

A. M. Gardner, from Seattle, Wash., was here Saturday looking for a location for himself as a contractor and his sister in the mercantile line.

H. Trimble's residence on Smith avenue when completed will be one of the best in town and a creditable addition to the village. J. M. Bird has charge of the work.

C. C. Bradley, general agent for the Northern Assurance Co., was here the last of the week, and installed C. C. Reed as representative of his company at this place.

The two hotels have done a most creditable job cleaning up their back lots since our last issue. The overseer states that there are still other places as badly in need of a renovation which he hopes will promptly be looked after.

D. Raines and family who recently came here from Dewitt, Neb. did not find Albat to be just to their liking so sold their belongings and this week returned to their old home. It cannot be expected that all people who come here with great expectations will be satisfied.

W. R. Courtright and W. E. Turner have each filled up their lumber stock and Ponoka now has two of the most complete yards on the C. & E. Their prices are right and anyone contemplating building need look no farther than at Ponoka.

Our readers will pardon us for giving space to the following words of encouragement from an amply qualified judge of the merits and demerits of a local paper:

"I am pleased to note your improvements. You certainly deserve great credit for having under adverse circumstances published the best paper on the line. This is no blarney for I know whereof I speak."

It is such expressions of appreciation as this that give the editor of a local paper new courage with which to pursue his labors.

Mathew Ray was the victim of a very serious accident at the Jones livery barn Friday, which may result in the loss of his left eye. C. H. Stratton was endeavoring to catch one of his mules, when Mr. Ray volunteered to assist him. The mule suddenly kicked and struck him in the eye, causing a most ugly wound. Drs. Drinnan and Membrey at once began treating the case but on Monday decided to send the patient to the general hospital at Calgary where he went Monday night.

J. A. Dalton visited over Sunday in Edmonton.

Geo. W. Anderson was down from his Battle lake west farm the first of the week.

A. W. Anderson, of Bigelow, Minn., arrived here this week with his effects and will locate.

Mrs. S.B. Shreve arrived Saturday from Sloan, Iowa to join her husband who is located northwest of town.

J. W. Kelly, representing McLean & Co., musical instruments, Winnipeg, visited Rev. J. A. Mair a couple of days this week.

George Rogers, wife and baby drove in from Asker Saturday. They are now comfortably domiciled in their new home and well contented in their new location.

The regular mixed train southward Monday morning broke an axle on the tender at Leduc and was delayed from reaching here till 10 o'clock at night.

A new and substantial boom has been put in at the mill. The proprietors think they have something now that will hold the logs when they arrive from Battle lake.

F. E. Algar & Co., on Tuesday morning began the foundation for their new store on the site of the one recently burned. The new building will be 26x80, two stories and substantially built in every way.

Wesley Warnock, who recently returned from a winters work in British Columbia, is making arrangements to take up his abode on his homestead, fifteen miles southeast, where he will enjoy the life of bachelorhood.

J. W. Woods was down from his place in 45-28 the first of the week. Mr. Woods is one of those men who are not afraid to face the trials of real frontier life and is well pleased with his prospects in Alberta.

G. Malchow was in town Monday and gave us a call for tenders for the construction of a school house in the Concord district. New school houses in every direction this spring speak well for the incoming population of the district.

The parties who recently applied for cancellation of the homestead of Mrs. McEwen have again met the defeat of a majority of latter day contestants. The inspector visited the premises last week and informed this elderly lady that she need have no fear but her rights would be protected.

It is about time our foot ball and base ball enthusiasts were getting together and organizing. There is plenty of timber here for a good team in both of these sports and we expect to see Ponoka get her share of the trophies for the coming season. Let's organize in time and be prepared to meet anything on the line.

The HERALD suggests the organizations of a foot-ball and base-ball League the coming season to include teams from all the towns between Calgary and Edmonton with Ponoka as the meeting place. Our train connections are better for a meeting place than any other town on the line and you can wager that Ponoka will treat the visitors right. What say the other towns?

Mrs. C. Algar is visiting her daughter at Okotoks.

J. A. Youmans was up from Red Deer on business this week.

Chas. Stephens, a brother of S. E., has arrived from Ontario.

Miss Anna Hendry, visited relatives in Strathcona, last week.

Miss Rote, sister of Mrs. T. J. West, is here from Medicine Hat for a visit.

Plowing and otherwise preparing for spring gardening is the order of the day.

J. O. Mikulacky and Herman Rieke went to Blairmore this week to work during the summer.

The days of cold grub and carpetless floors are about over. House cleaning is nearly done.

E. R. Mattern, late of near Sioux Falls, S. D., is now settled on his land northwest of town with two cars of effects.

J. W. O'Brien, J. Dart and Dave Ross went up to Battle lake Saturday to assist in the log drive. They took their guns along.

Crocuses, the forerunners of spring, are in bloom. Soon will mother earth don her beautiful mantle of flowers.

Cloudy weather prevailed the first few days of the week. Bright sunshine and good seeding weather is again the order of the day.

A. Carter, of Clandeboye, Ont., an old-time friend of George Sellars and family, was here a few days with a view to locating in business.

The national holiday is near at hand. Are we to show our patriotism by having a day of sports concluding with a patriotic program in the evening.

C. A. and D. T. Willson, former from Seattle, Wash., and latter of Morning Sun, Iowa, have been in the village the past week looking for locations.

A daughter of T. W. Russell fell from her pony last Friday, fracturing her limb just above the ankle. Drs. Drinnan & Membrey reduced the fracture and the patient is steadily improving.

M. L. Colwell, W. W. Lyons and J. L. Dunn, of Liberty, Neb., were here several days looking for locations. The first-named gentleman has been a regular reader of the HERALD and says its visit is anxiously looked for each week.

This is the season of the paint brush and it is going to be liberally applied in Ponoka. When our buildings are nicely painted we will pride ourselves on the prettiest town between Calgary and Edmonton.

The Edmonton Telephone Co. is extending its line to Leduc. Can not the towns along the line formulate some plan to have the line extended clear through to Calgary? Long-distance telephones are no longer a luxury, but a necessity and Alberta should enjoy their benefits.

James Linton has papered J. Huber's barber shop which is now one of the neatest on the line. Linton is a painter and paper hanger of several years experience, and in partnership with A. Cole will promptly fill all orders in this line.

There is a scheme on foot to put on a transportation boat plying on the Battle river between Ponoka and all down-river points. Such an enterprise would no doubt be of vast benefit to the village from the fact that Ponoka would then be made the center of supply for the large settlements down the river and receive the benefits of an enormous trade that now goes to other towns.

At Hymen's Altar.

Simington-Karten.

At the home of Rev. Mair, the officiating pastor, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, occurred the marriage of John Simington and Miss Nettie Karten.

The contracting parties are so well known to the people in and around Ponoka that it only remains for us to announce that the nuptial knot is tied and they are now at home in their residence on Chipman avenue. Jack, as he is familiarly known, is the senior member of the firm of Simington & Dalton, contractors, while the bride is a sister of Mrs. A. Shary and possesses all the qualities of a desirable life-partner. Their many friends predict for them a successful journey through life and may their greatest cares be little ones.

Forgan Remembers Ponoka.

We gladly give space to the following letter, which is self-explanatory and shows that Rev. Forgan's thoughts still revert back to the scenes of his labors here last summer. It is with earnest gratitude that his kind financial remembrance is received and his many friends wish him continued progress in his present flattering success:

34 Priory Place,
Craigie, Perth, Scotland.
1st April, 1902.

My dear Mair—A short time ago I gave a little lecture to number of friends on the subject of My Canadian Northwest Experiences and asked for a "collection". The sum, £3 6s, or about \$16, I prefer to send straight to for your own work, for church building or any other cause you think best. I should like to know if it reaches you safely, so will you kindly acknowledge receipt at once.

Please let me know something about Ponoka and district, or send me a copy or two of the PONOKA HERALD. With all good wishes and high regard,
JAMES R. FORGAN.

The Game Law.

Geese and ducks have put in an appearance. For the benefit of those who may not be informed we publish the following from the Game Ordinance:

No person shall fire at, hunt, take or kill any grouse, partridge, pheasant or prairie chicken between the 15th day of December in any year and the 15th day of September in the following year; any kind of wild duck, snipe or sandpiper between the 1st day of January and the 23rd day of August in any year. * * *

The Weather.

The following table shows the temperature for the past week. We give the figures as they are about 9 o'clock in the forenoon so as to get as near the average as possible:

	ABOVE.	BELOW.
Friday	30	..
Saturday	40	..
Sunday	38	..
Monday	38	..
Tuesday	38	..
Wednesday	40	..
Thursday	38	..

Wall Paper...

UP-TO-DATE PATTERNS.

R. W. McKINNEL,
Druggist, Stationer.

Case & Fisher's Price List.

Best Loin Beefsteak—12½c
Boiling Beef—7c
Roast—10c
Cooked Corn Beef—15c
Pork Loin—12½c
Smoked Ham—15c
Breakfast Bacon—16c
Sugar Cured Shoulder—12½c
Picnic Ham—12½c
Dry Salt Bacon—14c
Kettle Rendered Lard—14c
Spare Ribs—5c

F. C. CASE,
THE PIONEER SHOP

Geo. W. Holton...

..LACOMBE, Alta

Gareful and Experienced **WATCHMAKER.**

Leave work with
A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right.
Work guaranteed.

...JOHN C. RATHBUN...

Carpenter.. AND ..Builder.

Will contract for Complete Building or work by day.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED. PRICES RIGHT. WORK GUARANTEED.

Enquire of A. REID or address me at Ponoka, Alberta

FOR SALE.

Owing to the pressure of other business the proprietor of the

Royal Hotel Ponoka

has decided to offer it for sale. The property includes a

Brick Building,
Three Choice Lots,
Bar Stock and
Furniture.

For further information call at

HERALD OFFICE.

STOCK PUMPS.

GEO HORN,

Local Agent for
The Celebrated ANDERSON
Double-Acting Force Pumps.
These pumps differ in principle and construction from any others. They are positively anti-freezing and never require priming. The only pump manufactory that has no sucker, no stuffing box or rods of any kind inside the conducting pipe.

Merchants Bank of Canada

Head office: MONTREAL.

Capital (paid up) - \$6,000,000.
Reserve Fund - \$2,600,000

LACOMBE BRANCH

Interest allowed on Deposits.

A general Banking Business

R. TAYLOR, Mgr.

A Snap

480 Acre-Farm at \$8.00.
Five Miles from Ponoka.

This is one of the best farms in this part of the country. \$1500 worth of improvements. 35 acres broken. Plenty of good water.

For further particulars apply at
* * * HERALD OFFICE.

Let us have your subscription at ² once, and if you are a NEW subscriber to The New West Farmer or Western Home Monthly, you will receive both of those papers for the balance of 1991 free.

► If you are already paid in advance for either our paper or the other two, you can have our Weekly sent to one address and The New West Farmer and Western Home Monthly to another address.

Ponoka and District.

The Weekly Round-Up of Items of Local and General Interest to Our Readers.

This office will take some straw on subscription.

Frank Boynton has assisted in the mechanical work of the HERALD this week.

B. Woodward, of Pontiac, Mich., was here a couple of days with a view of locating in business.

Our job press has been running a good share of this week. Come in if you need any thing in this line.

Miss Cameron, late of Ontario will teach the Seafield school, to begin about the 15th of next month.

A. J. Aldrich was in town Saturday buying material for the Scott school house which he is now at work on.

The village school house is being painted which greatly improves its outward appearance. Sam Bunn is wielding the brush.

A. M. Gardner, from Seattle, Wash., was here Saturday looking for a location for himself as a contractor and his sister in the mercantile line.

H. Trimble's residence on Smith avenue when completed will be one of the best in town and a creditable addition to the village. J. M. Bird has charge of the work.

C. C. Bradley, general agent for the Northern Assurance Co., was here the last of the week, and installed C. C. Reed as representative of his company at this place.

The two hotels have done a most creditable job cleaning up their back lots since our last issue. The overseer states that there are still other places as badly in need of a renovation which he hopes will promptly be looked after.

D. Raines and family who recently came here from Dewitt, Neb., did not find Albera to be just to their liking so sold their belongings and this week returned to their old home. It cannot be expected that all people who come here with great expectations will be satisfied.

W. R. Courtright and W. E. Turner have each filled up their lumber stock and Ponoka now has two of the most complete yards on the C. & E. Their prices are right and anyone contemplating building need look no farther than at Ponoka.

Our readers will pardon us for giving space to the following words of encouragement from an amply qualified judge of the merits and demerits of a local paper:

"I am pleased to note your improvements. You certainly deserve great credit for having under adverse circumstances published the best paper on the line. This is no blarney for I know whereof I speak."

It is such expressions of appreciation as this that give the editor of a local paper new courage with which to pursue his labors.

Mathew Ray was the victim of a very serious accident at the Jones livery barn Friday, which may result in the loss of his left eye. C. H. Stratton was endeavoring to catch one of his mules, when Mr. Ray volunteered to assist him. The mule suddenly kicked and struck him in the eye, causing a most ugly wound. Drs. Drinnan and Membery at once began treating the case but on Monday decided to send the patient to the general hospital at Calgary where he went Monday night.

J. A. Dalton visited over Sunday in Edmonton.

Geo. W. Anderson was down from his Battle lake west farm the first of the week.

A. W. Anderson, of Bigelow, Minn., arrived here this week with his effects and will locate.

Mrs. S.B. Shreve arrived Saturday from Sloan, Iowa to join her husband who is located northwest of town.

J. W. Kelly, representing McLean & Co., musical instruments, Winnipeg, visited Rev. J. A. Mair a couple of days this week.

George Rogers, wife and baby drove in from Asker Saturday. They are now comfortably domiciled in their new home and well contented in their new location.

The regular mixed train southward Monday morning broke an axle on the tender at Leduc and was delayed from reaching here till 10 o'clock at night.

A new and substantial boom has been put in at the mill. The proprietors think they have something now that will hold the logs when they arrive from Battle lake.

F. E. Algar & Co., on Tuesday morning began the foundation for their new store on the site of the one recently burned. The new building will be 26x80, two stories and substantially built in every way.

Wesley Warnock, who recently returned from a winters work in British Columbia, is making arrangements to take up his abode on his homestead, fifteen miles southeast, where he will enjoy the life of bachelorhood.

J. W. Woods was down from his place in 45-28 the first of the week. Mr. Woods is one of those men who are not afraid to face the trials of real frontier life and is well pleased with his prospects in Alberta.

G. Malchow was in town Monday and gave us a call for tenders for the construction of a school house in the Concord district. New school houses in every direction this spring speak well for the incoming population of the district.

The parties who recently applied for cancellation of the homestead of Mrs. McEwen have again met the defeat of a majority of latter day contestants. The inspector visited the premises last week and informed this elderly lady that she need have no fear but her rights would be protected.

It is about time our foot ball and base ball enthusiasts were getting together and organizing. There is plenty of timber here for a good team in both of these sports and we expect to see Ponoka get her share of the trophies for the coming season. Let's organize in time and be prepared to meet anything on the line.

The HERALD suggests the organizations of a foot-ball and base-ball League the coming season to include teams from all the towns between Calgary and Edmonton with Ponoka as the meeting place. Our train connections are better for a meeting place than any other town on the line and you can wager that Ponoka will treat the visitors right. What say the other towns?

Mrs. C. Algar is visiting her daughter at Okotoks.

J. A. Youmans was up from Red Deer on business this week.

Chas. Stephens, a brother of S. E., has arrived from Ontario.

Miss Anna Hendry, visited relatives in Strathcona, last week.

Miss Rote, sister of Mrs. T. J. West, is here from Medicine Hat for a visit.

Plowing and otherwise preparing for spring gardening is the order of the day.

J. O. Mikulacky and Herman Rieke went to Blairmore this week to work during the summer.

The days of cold grub and carpetless floors are about over. House cleaning is nearly done.

E. R. Mattern, late of near Sioux Falls, S. D., is now settled on his land northwest of town with two cars of effects.

J. W. O'Brien, J. Dart and Dave Ross went up to Battle lake Saturday to assist in the log drive. They took their guns along.

Crocuses, the forerunners of spring, are in bloom. Soon will mother earth don her beautiful mantle of flowers.

Cloudy weather prevailed the first few days of the week. Bright sunshine and good seeding weather is again the order of the day.

A. Carter, of Clandeboye, Ont., an old-time friend of George Sellars and family, was here a few days with a view to locating in business.

The national holiday is near at hand. Are we to show our patriotism by having a day of sports concluding with a patriotic program in the evening.

C. A. and D. T. Willson, former from Seattle, Wash., and latter of Morning Sun, Iowa, have been in the village the past week looking for locations.

A daughter of T. W. Russell fell from her pony last Friday, fracturing her limb just above the ankle. Drs. Drinnan & Membery reduced the fracture and the patient is steadily improving.

M. L. Colwell, W. W. Lyons and J. L. Dunn, of Liberty, Neb., were here several days looking for locations. The first-named gentleman has been a regular reader of the HERALD and says its visit is anxiously looked for each week.

This is the season of the paint brush and it is going to be liberally applied in Ponoka. When our buildings are nicely painted we will pride ourselves on the prettiest town between Calgary and Edmonton.

The Edmonton Telephone Co. is extending its line to Leduc. Can not the towns along the line formulate some plan to have the line extended clear through to Calgary? Long-distance telephones are no longer a luxury, but a necessity and Alberta should enjoy their benefits.

James Linton has papered J. Huber's barber shop which is now one of the neatest on the line. Linton is a painter and paper hanger of several years experience, and in partnership with A. Cole will promptly fill all orders in this line.

There is a scheme on foot to put on a transportation boat plying on the Battle river between Ponoka and all down-river points. Such an enterprise would no doubt be of vast benefit to the village from the fact that Ponoka would then be made the center of supply for the large settlements down the river and receive the benefits of an enormous trade that now goes to other towns.

At Hymen's Altar.

Simington-Karten.

At the home of Rev. Mair, the officiating pastor, at 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, occurred the marriage of John Simington and Miss Nettie Karten.

The contracting parties are so well known to the people in and around Ponoka that it only remains for us to announce that the nuptial knot is tied and they are now at home in their residence on Chipman avenue. Jack, as he is familiarly known, is the senior member of the firm of Simington & Dalton, contractors, while the bride is a sister of Mrs. A. Shary and possesses all the qualities of a desirable life-partner. Their many friends predict for them a successful journey through life and may their greatest cares be little ones.

Forgan Remembers Ponoka.

We gladly give space to the following letter, which is self-explanatory and shows that Rev. Forgan's thoughts still revert back to the scenes of his labors here last summer. It is with earnest gratitude that his kind financial remembrance is received and his many friends wish him continued progress in his present flattering success:

31 Priory Place,
Craigie, Perth, Scotland.
1st April, 1902.

My dear Mair—A short time ago I gave a little lecture to number of friends on the subject of My Canadian Northwest Experiences and asked for a "collection". The sum, £3 6s, or about \$16, I prefer to send straight to for your own work, for church building or any other cause you think best. I should like to know if it reaches you safely, so will you kindly acknowledge receipt at once.

Please let me know something about Ponoka and district, or send me a copy or two of the PONOKA HERALD.

With all good wishes and high regard,
JAMES R. FORGAN.

The Game Law.

Geese and ducks have put in an appearance. For the benefit of those who may not be informed we publish the following from the Game Ordinance:

No person shall fire at, hunt, take or kill any grouse, partridge, pheasant or prairie chicken between the 15th day of December in any year and the 15th day of September in the following year; any kind of wild duck, snipe or sandpiper between the 1st day of January and the 23rd day of August in any year. . . .

The Weather.

The following table shows the temperature for the past week. We give the figures as they are about 9 o'clock in the forenoon so as to get as near the average as possible:

	ABOVE.	BELOW.
Friday	30	..
Saturday	40	..
Sunday	38	..
Monday	39	..
Tuesday	30	..
Wednesday	40	..
Thursday	38	..

Wall Paper...

UP-TO-DATE PATTERNS.

R. W. McKINNEL,
Druggist, Stationer.

Case & Fisher's Price List.

Best Loin Beefsteak—12½c
Boiling Beef—7c
Roast—10c
Cooked Corn Beef—15c
Pork Loin—12½c
Smoked Ham—15c
Breakfast Bacon—10c
Sugar Cured Shoulder—12½c
Picnic Ham—12½c
Dry Salt Bacon—14c
Kettle Rendered Lard—14c
Spare Ribs—5c

F. C. CASE,
THE PIONEER SHOP

Geo. W. Holson...

..LACOMBE, Alta

Gareful and Experienced **WATCHMAKER.**

Leave work with
A. REID, Ponoka.

Can do your work after others fail. A trial Convinces.

Prices right.
Work guaranteed.

..JOHN C. RATHBUN..

Carpenter.. AND ..Builder.

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THE FENCER'S MARK

[Original.]

After leaving college I determined to take a course at one of the German universities. I chose Heidelberg, which in those days was the best known, and took a three years' course. I joined one of the corps and in time became involved in several student duels.

When I left Heidelberg, where I had taken more interest in the small sword than my studies, I stopped in Paris before returning to America, with a view to seeing some French fencing. One evening a party of us visited the celebrated school of M. Brisson. While we were watching the pupils fence a man entered and after looking on for awhile proposed to take the foils with the principal. Brisson consented and was astonished, as we all were, at the stranger's skill. After disarming his adversary he took up a piece of chalk, rubbed it on the foil, and, calling to Brisson to place himself on guard, made one brilliant stroke after another and at last left a chalk mark of a figure 8 on the fencing master's waistcoat directly over the heart.

"Victor Morrel!" exclaimed several who were present with the same breath.

"Who is Victor Morrel?" I asked.

"The most noted swordsman in France."

"A duelist?"

"No; singularly enough, he has not the courage to fight a duel."

"What is his occupation?"

My informant, a Frenchman, shrugged his shoulders after the French fashion and walked out of the school without replying to my question. Brisson at once doffed his wire mask and put up his foil. In doing so he turned his back upon his former antagonist and took care to keep it turned till Morrel had left the academy. Evidently the man who had shown his skill was not a favorite with him or, for the matter of that, with any one present. The Frenchmen all departed, leaving the room to our party. Morrel also departed, and as he passed me I noticed the most repulsive face I had ever seen on a man. I did not wonder at the disfavor in which he was held. I should have been afraid to pass him in a lonely road had he cause to prick me in the back.

Three years later, in company with my friend Walter Douglas, I again visited Europe, sailing from New York to Cherbourg and going from there to Mentone, a winter resort in the south of France. One evening Douglas went to walk with a little French girl who had captivated him by her smart appearance. He failed to return to the hotel, and toward morning, becoming anxious for his safety, I went to search for him. I found him lying in his blood in the gardens stabbed through the heart. His coat had been cut by the point of a knife or sword so as to make what looked like the letter S. The blade had entered the heart at the point where the tracing ceased.

In agony at the murder of my friend, I called a gendarme, and the body was removed. I made every effort to find the murderer, but without success. The mysterious letter S cut in his coat would not be dropped from my mind. It seemed to partly awaken some memory. At last I remembered Morrel and the figure 8 he had chalked on the waistcoat of M. Brisson. Then it occurred to me that the letter S was an incomplete figure 8.

Going at once to the police office, I requested them to arrest the little French girl whom Douglas had been with on the night of his murder, and when she arrived at the police office I questioned her myself. She came in charge of a gendarme, frightened and weeping, but, I fancied, on her guard.

"Have you a lover?" I asked.

"No, m'sieu."

"Do you know any one expert with the sword?"

"No, m'sieu."

She preserved her equanimity, but I saw that the question startled her.

"Did you ever see a man cut or mark the figure 8 upon an adversary's breast?"

She turned pale and did not reply.

"Where is Victor Morrel?"

This broke her down. "I had nothing to do with it," she cried. "He was jealous of—the American. Do not bring me to the guillotine, I beseech you."

I turned to the prefect of police. "The case is in your hands," I said. "Find Victor Morrel."

"Where is M. Morrel?" he asked of the girl.

"Oh, I do not know! Spare me!"

"Take her away," said the officer to the gendarme. "She will finish her career on the guillotine."

This was too much for her fidelity to her lover. "I do not know where he is," she said. "Yesterday he was in Marseilles."

That evening Morrel was arrested in Marseilles and brought to Mentone for trial. He put on a bold front, feeling sure that there were no witnesses of the murder.

"M. Morrel," asked the prosecuting attorney, "why were you so foolhardy as to leave the figure 8 on the heart of the man you killed?"

"I did not," the prisoner exclaimed, pining.

"It looked like the letter S, but had you completed it you would have made an 8 of it."

The prosecutor held up the murdered man's coat, on which had been cut the letter S. The prisoner fell back, clutching his hair and moaning:

"I must have been drunk!"

It appeared later that he had been drinking heavily and was unconscious of cutting the mark he was accustomed to leave on those he worsted in fencing. He was convicted, and before I left France he was taken out of jail one morning before daylight and guillotined.

ALAN JAY PONDIE.

A Joke.

Willie—Say, did you propose to my sister last night?

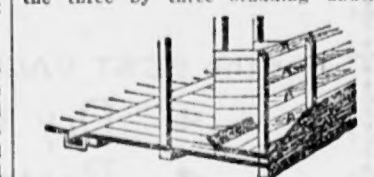
Featherstone—Eh—ah! Why, Willie?

Willie—'Cause everybody in the house has been giving the life out of her.—Detroit Free Press.

PLAN OF COW STALL.

Shows Points Which Command Themselves to Dairymen.

The great principle that makes this stall a practical success is the fencing of the cow back to the ditch, says E. O. Eckert in Pacific Homestead. The fence A A is put on either side of the post to suit the length of the cow, or for a short cow can be moved toward the cow's head several inches by nailing on a four by four stud on the post next to the cow, then putting on the bars A. The feed box is eighteen inches wide and the flange board in front of the cow seven inches high, which, on to the three by three studding under-



PRACTICAL COW STALL.

neath, makes the top edge ten inches high from platform. The latter is six feet six inches from the ditch to the front end of five foot post.

The slanting manger is three feet from the floor of the feed alley and leaves an opening at the top of eighteen inches, where all feed is placed in the feed trough, there being sufficient room at A (say six inches) for grain, ensilage or cut fodder to pass down, but hay, whole fodder or straw will not pass down, but will remain so that the cow can eat them through the bars (A).

The partitions between the cows are three feet six inches apart, four feet high and three feet six inches long. There are no partitions in front of the bars (A) except twelve inches above the bottom of the feed box, so that the cut feed and grain rations remain in its own cow's manger. But the whole length of the hay manger is clear from end to end, and, if wanted, any long fodder can be distributed in it in good shape. The platform should drop from manger to ditch not less than two inches.

Weights For Barn Use.

Frequently the farmer wishes to feed a given weight of this, that or the other stuff and has no scales at hand to weigh it. If he has a quart measure handy, he can use it to measure out the required weight. The quart weight of various feeds is as follows:

Cottonseed meal, 1.5 pounds; linseed meal, 1.1 pounds; gluten feed, 1.2 pounds; wheat bran, coarse, .5 pound; wheat middlings, coarse, .8 pound, and fine, 1.1 pounds; mixed wheat feed, .6 pound; cornmeal, 1.5 pounds; oats, 1.2 pounds; rye bran, .6 pound; H. O. dairy feed, .7 pound, and Victor corn feed, .7 pound per quart. These weights are worked out by the Connecticut experiment station. With these equivalents at hand the feedman may know where he is at when he desires to feed by weight.

Feeding Value of Apples.

The experience of careful farmers indicates that apples are worth more for feeding than the usual cider mill price, says Farm and Home. A Massachusetts dairyman who had a lot of low grade apples began on a large, old cow, which was nearly dry, feeding her in connection with her summer pasture exclusively two quarts of hard Greenings and Baldwins at night and the same quantity in the morning, gradually increasing until at the end of a week she was eating about one bushel per day. Her milk increased from four to six quarts per day. Where there are short pastures and the necessity of living cows some extra food inferior grade apples may be turned to profitable account.

Washing and Working Butter.

After drawing off the buttermilk wash twice or until the wash water runs off clear. Then work in salt to suit the taste of your trade and set away for three or four hours, then rework and pack or stamp. The interval between salting and stamping allows the salt thoroughly to permeate the whole mass, and the second working also insures a uniform mixing of the salt as well as working out any excess of water. Never work butter when it is warm enough to be salty. There are two watchwords for the butter maker. They are cleanliness and uniformity and are worth remembering if you are looking for trade and reputation.

AS A BUTTER MAKER

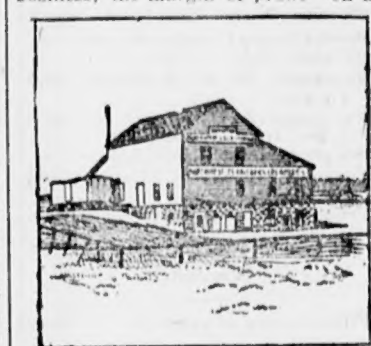
DOMINION GOVERNMENT IN A NEW AND SUCCESSFUL ROLE.

A Dairy Business Conducted Under Government Auspices—The Government Creamery at Calgary—How the Project Was Financed—How the 18 Creameries Cover a Large Expanse of Territory—What the Government Undertakes.

More than 1,000,000 pounds of golden yellow butter is being turned out of the Dominion Government creameries, located in the territories of Assinabola, Saskatchewan and Alberta, each year.

Back of this statement there is an interesting history of the development of an industry of great importance to the farmers of the territories. Success did not come until the experiment had very nearly failed because of a lack of experience, not in butter making, but in financing the project.

It was in 1897 that the agricultural department of the Federal Government first took hold of the dairy interests of the western territories. Previous to that time several private creameries had been constructed, and an attempt made to operate them, but in nearly every case they had proven failures. Settlement had not at that time advanced far enough to afford a sufficient production of cream to keep a creamery running if it had to depend upon any one locality. If, on the other hand, it could not turn out a considerable amount of butter each year, and so be able to do a large business, the margin of profit on a



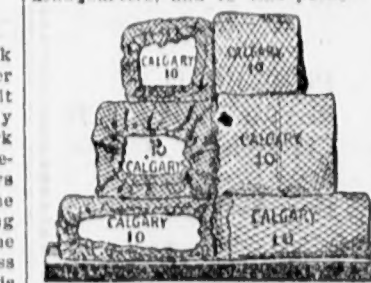
GOVERNMENT CREAMERY AT CALGARY. small business was not sufficient to live.

Out of these private creameries the farmers were getting but little. Many of them, in fact, were getting nothing, as the creameries were too far away from them to reach them without paying excessive freight charges on their cream, in addition to the risk they had to take of its souring before reaching the point of manufacture, and the Government undertook to supply the demand.

A special dairy commissioner's department was created as a feature of the agricultural department of the Government, and to this was given an ample capital for the leasing of creameries already built, and for the buildings of others as the business warranted. To repay the Government for building new creameries it was proposed to establish a sinking fund to which would be paid one cent per pound for all butter manufactured. Applications were very many, and soon it was seen that it was no more possible for the department to have built and equipped all the creameries that were demanded than it would have been possible for them to have operated them successfully and profitably if they had been built, and the attempt to meet the demand came near proving disastrous to the whole enterprise. But a solution for the dilemma in which the department found itself was finally found, a solution so simple, and so practicable, that it turned a seeming failure into immediate success.

The Government ceased to build creameries, but instead attempted the operation of such as were built either by stock companies, individuals or municipalities, thus throwing the burden of construction upon those who insisted that their operation would prove profitable. At the same time the charges for manufacture and marketing were somewhat changed.

To-day there are in operation throughout these territories 18 creameries located at Churchbridge, Salterston, Yorkton, Moosemin, Whiteford, Grenfell, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Moose Jaw, Maple Creek, Saskatchewan, Prince Albert, Calgary, Olds, Innisfail, Red Deer, Tindastoll, Westsaskatoon, Strathcona and Fort Saskatchewan. Of the dairy department of the Government Calgary is the headquarters, and to this point is



BUTTER READY FOR SHIPMENT.

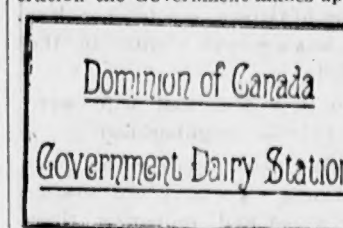
shipped all the product of the other creameries. Enormous cold-storage houses are provided there, and in these the butter is kept until the

state of market warrants its sale.

To make these 18 creameries meet the demands of such a great expanse of territory as is included within the boundaries of Assinabola, Saskatchewan and Alberta a system of cream transportation has been arranged.

At stated times a refrigerator car from each creamery makes the rounds of the railroad stations in the territory served by the creamery in which the farmer's cream is conveyed to the point of manufacture. The Government arranged for and pays the expense of this service, and assumes all liability for the cream when it has been delivered at the station platform.

From each lot of cream received a sample is taken and churned in a test churn. From this the value in butter is judged of the entire lot when it is manufactured into butter in the great churns. For this transportation of cream, the manufacture and marketing of butter the farmer is charged four cents per pound. If this fails to meet the expense of operation the Government makes up the



THE GOVERNMENT LABEL.

deficiency, but when it more than pays the expense a dividend is paid the stockholders, individual or municipality owning the creamery plant and buildings.

During the summer season an advance price of ten cents per pound is paid the farmer monthly, and in winter an advance price of 15 cents per pound is paid monthly. Up to the present time the price realized by the farmer for all butter manufactured by the Government has ranged between 17 and 18 cents per pound, and the difference is paid twice annually, the first of November and the first of May. A small portion of this comes from the sale of by-products with which the farmer is credited, and which is sold usually to individuals in the neighborhood of each creamery.

A market for the butter manufactured in these Government creameries is found in British Columbia, in the Kootenay mining district, in the Klondike, in the far eastern countries and to the Northwest Mounted Police, and is shipped in sealed tins of one, two and five pounds and in Australian butter boxes of 14, 28 and 56 pounds. Around each pound roll is a waxed paper bearing the Government label.

Within the past year the department has attempted to find a market for western Canada eggs, and have met with considerable success, though on a small scale. An advance price of ten cents per dozen is paid the farmers monthly, but an average price of about 17 cents per dozen is being secured. The eggs are shipped to Calgary and held there in cold storage warehouses until the current price warrants their sale.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY COTTAGE.

Purchase Desired in England as a National Curiosity.

The illustration shows a picturesque fourteenth century cottage, the purchase of which is desired in England as a national curiosity. This little house stands in the village street of Trevena, better known as Tintagel, in Cornwall, and its deep-set porches, roof of heavy slabs of slate, and general surroundings have long been the delight of artists. The plan of the house is that of a fourteenth century dwelling, with low



PICTURESQUE HOUSE ON BRITISH COAST.

construction and massive walls, specially built to protect its inmates from the fury of the Atlantic gales. Entering through one of the heavy doors which shelter behind the porch, the visitor finds himself in a passage communicating with a large sitting room, open to the roof, and having a stone fireplace and snug window seats. Adjoining this room is a low-roofed kitchen and caretaker's room, and this has a gallery which was probably once used to sleep in. Besides these, there are three curiously placed bed-rooms. The roof timbers stretching over the whole house are black with the smoke of ages.

Too Appropriate.

An English clergyman had married a young woman with a reputed dowry of about £10,000, while he himself had "great expectations." Needless to say, every soul in the village knew about it. It was the first Sunday after their return from the honeymoon, and when the sermon was finished the parson proceeded as usual to give out the hymn, verse for verse, to his rustic congregation. All went well until the fifth verse was reached, and the parson began: "Forever let my grateful heart," when suddenly and with some confusion he exclaimed: "Omit the fifth verse!" and immediately began to recite aloud the sixth verse instead. Those who had hymn books promptly read the fifth verse:

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more."

Earth's Shape.

The exact shape of the earth is a question which cannot be settled without fresh evidence from the Antarctic. For this purpose two at least of the expeditions have been provided with pendulum outfits; by noting the exact length of time occupied by the swing of a pendulum the distance of the place of observation from the earth's centre can be determined, says the Popular Science Monthly. It is held that the south polar region projects further from the plane of the equator than does the north polar region; according to one estimate the south pole is slightly more than one-hundredth further from the earth's centre than the north pole.

An Essay on Happiness.

An essay on happiness resolves itself into one rule: Pay all bills promptly.

Long Tailed Chicks.

A new breed of chickens just received in New York from China has tails twelve feet long. They are kept in cages, and when they are taken out for exercise an attendant goes along to hold up the feathers. The hen lays thirty eggs a year, which are hatched by other hens.

He Knew.

Susie—Papa, what makes a man always give a woman a diamond engagement ring?

Her Father—The woman.

Scorched Linen.

Never despair when linen seems hopelessly scorched from an overheated iron. Soak the stain in lukewarm water, squeeze lemon juice on it, sprinkle a little salt over it and place it in the sunshine to bleach.

The Wood by the Sea.

Duncan Campbell Scott has an excellent poem in The Canadian Magazine for December. It is in two parts, the first dealing with "The Sea by the Wood," and the second with "The Wood by the Sea." It is the second part that we consider to be an exquisite bit of work, although in describing the sea in the first part the poet gives his picture this fine touch:

You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
Murder and shiver and sway.

But in his description of the wood by the sea, Mr. Scott has written something that appeals strongly to the imagination—the wood that is so very old and still that it is startled when a dead cone falls:

The pines are weary of holding nests—
Abe a-worn of casting shade;
Wearily moulder the resin creeps
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the swaying deep
The mother of restful things.

If mine were the will of God, why then
The wood should tramp to the sounding sea,
Like a marching army of men.

Who that has stood alone in a native wood overlooking the sea, yet beyond the sound of it, has not felt something of the spirit which Mr. Scott has expressed in so choice a way? This is a poem that will probably find many admirers.

Mr. Peck Again.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Peck, who was reading the paper while Henry waited patiently for a look at it. "Here is a case of a woman who packed up all the furniture and left home while her husband was away at work, and now he can find no traces of her."

And Henry's face lost its expression of patient resignation, taking on the light of a great and buoyant hope, for he had read that women were sometimes influenced by what they saw in the papers.

Women at Golf.

The fact that the golf tournament system promotes healthy, normal exercise, which keeps the women in the open air all summer and transforms the frail ones into robust, happy creatures, seems to argue in its favor, provided the stimulation of encounter is needful. Assertions, however, have been made that tournaments provoke jealousies, enmities and cheating, that they harden a woman unduly and that they are breaking up the household gods in our homes. If woman is a brainless creature, without responsibility or accountability, without the power of self guidance, all this may be true. History does not so picture her.

Having Fun With His Name.

After all, it is Ernest Seton-Thompson. The name will be kept as a nom de plume. He has ten brothers, and twenty years ago they all agreed to change their name by process of law. They were scattered throughout the world, and for some reason the step was not taken. "That is the name under which I am known, and, although Seton is the correct name, I have no objection to Seton-Thompson. The bright boys in the newspapers can have their fun, but I am still with the wild animals I have known."

MARGARET OF NEW ORLEANS

AN IDEAL CHARITY REALIZED.

"I wonder if it idealizes her?"

We stand beside the statue of this famous woman, Margaret of New Orleans, and, after the manner of strangers, conjecture on what we for the first time see. "Not at all," a voice answers in the soft southern tongue. "It looks just like her."

"Ah, thank you. You live here?"

"I was born here. This is my home."

"You were here during the war and yellow fever and everything? And was Ben Butler so dreadful? And have you seen Cable?"

A nod answers each one of my young companion's impetuous queries.

"How delightful!" concludes my friend, but the lady shakes her head and taps her fan lightly on the girl's soft cheek and says musingly: "It did not seem as if I would live through it, but I have, and now comes one who calls my trials 'delightful.' How cruel!"

"Ah, pardon! But I was thinking of that charming man who wrote the delicious 'Mme. Delphine.' I was thinking how perfectly lovely it must be to live here and know him—and then to live in a city that has had such a history—it is so romantic. And can you tell us anything about Margaret?"

"This little space—'Margaret place,' it is called—it is a pleasant spot to rest in."

With this invitation, given more in looks than in words, we seated ourselves near our new acquaintance on the settees in the little park. The perfume of March roses overhangs the city; we forget in its deliciousness the signs of decay that in portions of that quaint old town impart a pensive melancholy to its beauty. Near by us in the green grass is a pool set about with a low border of cactus; a mimic fort, with all its bristling thorn guns out, and its blossom floating from the ramparts, which are guarding from such fierceness only a lazy fleet of water lilies, under the shade of which there is a whirl of goldfish. A stone footbridge crosses the pool and spans the river of cactuses. It is a very odd and tasteful device, this pool, and the little park in which it is placed is unique in its way. There is nothing overdone, neither neglected. It is a well kept, refreshing, simple setting for the statue itself.

"She was a working woman—a servant here. When I first remember her I was living near here, and she was taking care of the cows in a stable that stood almost on the very spot where her statue stands now. She was working then for the sisters of the asylum. She fed and milked their cows and sold milk in a cart about the city. She was a strange looking person—remarkable in her appearance. I think now as I recall her she had a broad forehead, serious eyes, a pleasant, broad smile, a rather short, stout figure. I do not suppose she ever in her life wore any dress better than a guinea blue calico; she always wore heavy shoes and a black straw bonnet trimmed with a neat band of black over the top. From my residence I could see her many times a day while she was at her stable work or coming back and forth with her milk cans.

"What was her name? Her name was Margaret Haugery; she had been married and at that time was a widow. Her husband and little child died just after she came to New Orleans; so we learned after she became famous. She was alone and poor in a strange country and went to work in the stables for a living. Somehow everybody liked Margaret; her smile was sweet and her words shrewd. The children called her Margaret, and she knew their names and answered their salutations along the street as she drove by in the milk cart.

"After some years Margaret had saved enough to buy a bit of ground that had on it a small bakery. The place was sold for a trifle, but now Margaret was in royal trim—a landowner and a manufacturer; for she opened the shop and began bread and pie making for the neighbors. Presently there was a large bakery built; soon bread carts were running over the city bearing the words 'Margaret's Bakery.' It became the fashion to buy at Margaret's place. During war, pestilence and disaster Margaret's rolls were never out, and the delicious fires kept up their weight and quality, no matter what else in life failed. Then she began running her free bread carts during the fever panic. No one went hungry who was within sound of her cart wheels. From that time on no one need go hungry in New Orleans—those too poor to buy were given a loaf fresh and white as the best, and it was given heartily, with a 'God bring thee better times!' There was no distinction in Margaret's favors. She gave to white and black, of any church or none. 'Are you hungry?' that is all that was necessary. 'Here is bread; take it with God's blessing.' There have been in this city dread days, which seemed as if God and everybody had failed us but Margaret; days when she almost literally fed the city. During the yellow fever panic Margaret began her noble work of taking the children from the homes of death and putting them into a house under good care, supporting them herself in every particular. Soon the one asylum grew into many; the dozens of her little charges were numbered by hundreds—and at the time of her death thousands. At the gate of every orphan asylum in the city Margaret's bread cart, with its smoking rolls, was seen daily; at every charitable institution whatsoever she took the privilege of giving her bread freely, and Margaret's name headed the list for every charity.

"Our grand Charity hospital, one of the most famous in the world, was largely the gift of Margaret. You must visit that hospital. It will make you better all your life for having seen it. Right through the trees there, at the right, do you see that magnificent building with its four galleries running around the first

four stories of the house? Its gate tells in golden letters that this is a children's home, given by Margaret, where to the end of time orphans will be cared for and educated by her bequests. Many of our cemeteries contain in form of handsome tombs Margaret's simple but munificent thoughtfulness. Here you know all are buried above ground in crypts or ovens of masonry, and when you visit our cemeteries—as strangers always do, for there are no burial places like these in America—you will see stone tombs, containing one, two or four dozen bodies maybe, inscribed, 'Given to the Little Sisters of the Poor by Margaret.' 'The Strangers' Tomb, Given by Margaret.' I suppose Margaret spent more money for the city than the best man in the history of the state, and of the sympathy and discernment of the needs of the poor the half could never be told. She spent nothing on herself. A clean blue calico, stout shoes, a black straw bonnet, a knitted jacket or shoulder shawl, an iron bedstead in a room without even a rocking chair and overlooking the bakeshop, sufficed for her. She had no time to enjoy real luxuries. As long as there was a weeping child or a friendless woman in the city what time had she to fold her arms in a rocking chair? While there were unburied, coffinless forms could she adorn her home of the living? And so it happened that to the end of life Margaret spent neither time, care nor money on herself. She forgot there was such a mortal as Margaret.

"And when one day the news went around that Margaret was dead the great city arose and put on mourning; the business houses were closed; all the employments of the city stood still. The day of the burial thousands of her little orphans followed her bier as mourners; every church sent delegations of honor bearers; the public school children joined in the throng; the houses were draped along the line of march; all the bells in the city tolled; civic and military joined in the procession with ecclesiastics; there never was here a funeral like Margaret's.

"Afterward it was found that her possessions had been so disposed that had death come at any moment the affairs of this life were well and intelligently wound up. There were no personal effects of value, but even her few garments she left to the poor, and with the proceeds of her wise investments her charities are royally endowed.

"This statue is the gift of the city, to show in this public way the esteem in which she is held. It is very like Margaret. The motherly figure, seated with one arm encircling a standing child at her side; the untrimmed dress, coarse shoes, the little crocheted shawl about her shoulders are homely, but who would change them for finer clothing? The smooth hair, with its old-fashioned French parting; the strong chin, the pleasant mouth, the serious eyes—is there not something fascinating in the contradictions of the face?

"Did you ever see such a head on a woman's shoulders? Massive, wonderful! That is the head of a statesman and financier, while its mouth, with its pleasant smile, telling of the tact and natural suavity of Margaret's character, proclaims the elements of a born diplomat. Yet, look again at the broad, massive brow, and see the earnest, loving eye that speaks of a true womanhood; look once more at the coarse garments and you will see that poverty added her load to the ordinary burden of womanhood, while ignorance, bereavement, affliction, loneliness join hands with poverty against this soul. But the massive brow conquered, the untaught brain triumphed, and under the leadership of the sad, gentle eyes gave to the suffering what might, had she been a man born in other circumstances, have been the gain of nations and the glitter of the trapping of a diplomat.

"When I consider what Margaret did for one city under such desperate disadvantages, I wonder what she could have done for the world if all the environments had been right. I was thinking of that as I looked, in passing for the hundredth time, at the strong, fascinating face this morning, when your question met my ear.

"Yes, it looks like her, and there will never be another in marble like it to the end of time. She was a grand character—tender, strong, original, pitiful, helpful, wise."

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by her majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the crown princess. On the return trip, stopping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor sherry and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment he began to feel drowsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

"They will find me in a faint on the floor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie."

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and, still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children, "Oh, papa, what have you got in your hat?"

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

"Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of indigestion from eating some confounded pork pie!"—Youth's Companion.

Old Mailbox.

Among the treasures held by the Antiquarian society in Portsmouth, N. H., there is an old box the history of which is given on a label which it bears.

The box is of tin, painted green, and shows signs of much usage, which is not

surprising when one considers that it carried the United States mail between Portsmouth and Boston during the Revolution. It is about 9 inches long, 4½ inches wide and a little more than that in height.

It was carried on horseback by Captain John Noble, otherwise known as Deacon Noble, who was post rider until 1783.

This box contained all the mail and made every week one round trip, occupying three days in the journey—from Portsmouth to Boston the first of the week and three days at the end of the week from Boston to Portsmouth. The distance between the two places is a little more than fifty miles.

How Things Usually Come.

"Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?"

"No," answered the hustler decisively.

"Pretty nearly everything that a man doesn't want comes to him who waits, but the things worth having come to him who gets up and humps himself."—Chicago Post.

Advice.

Suitor—Sir, you are undoubtedly aware of the object of my visit?

Father—I believe you desire to make my daughter happy. Do you really mean it?

Suitor—Unquestionably.

Father—Well, don't marry her, then.

Crushed the Objection.

Booker T. Washington told an amusing story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said:

"My brethren, it was this way: When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned."

At this a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher. "That's all right. I've been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

Some English Ads.

A general servant advertised in a Bristol paper for a place the other day, but required "no inquiries, no caps or aprons, every evening out, good wages," and a journalist advertised himself as of "no particular ability" as a recommendation. A clerk recently sought a place "where great strength, personal appearance or ability are not required." "Good butter, sixpence a pound. Nobody can touch it," was ambiguous and may have been wrongly interpreted by the public, and a Gloucestershire paper which inserted the advertisement, "Our one and blue penny dinner at 6:30 p. m. Funerals promptly attended to," apologized next day for mixing up two separate and distinct announcements.

But it is a fact that a church paper appealed lately for "Old man, lame, deaf, epileptic. Will any Christian take him for a gardener?" and that in a leading Scotch journal an advertiser asked for "£65 to pay debts incurred through losses at betting."—London Standard.

Unexpected Erudition.

"An absentminded professor of languages dropped into a restaurant one day for a luncheon.

"What will you have, sir?" asked the waiter.

"Fried eggs," replied the professor.

"Over?" said the waiter, meaning, of course, to ask whether he wanted them cooked on both sides or only one.

"Ova?" echoed the professor, surprised at his apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly. That is what I ordered—Ova gallinae."

This the waiter interpreted as meaning "extra well done," and that is the way they came to the table.—Youth's Companion.

A Story of Hansen.

Sir Henry Roscoe in a privately printed book of lectures tells a story of Hansen, remembered from the time when he and the German scientist were traveling together in England. They met a lady who mistook Hansen for his cousin, the Chevalier Hansen.

"Have you finished your book, 'God in History,' yet?" she asked him.

"No, madame," he replied. "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

Made In France.

"This Isthmian canal question is a very warm one now," said Mr. Snaggs.

"Yes, and I do hope that we shall buy the Panama," replied Mrs. Snaggs.

"Why are you so interested in it?"

"Oh, the very best styles come from Paris, you know."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One Hope of Escape.

Servant—Mr. Brown, the florist, is at the door with his bill.

Brown—Keep him waiting a minute, and I'll put my money in my wife's name.—Smart Set.

GERMAN NEW WOMAN

DR. ELIZABETH VON RICHTHOFFEN AND HER WORK.

This Factory Inspector of Baden Is a Doctor of Philosophy and Has Passed Her Heidelberg Examinations With Highest Honors—Greatest Hindrance to Her Work Is the Attitude of the Ignorant Women She Is Trying to Serve.

We could put it all into one word in German, the phrase "protective legislation for working women," and the word would be "Arbeiterinnenschutzgesetzgebung." At any rate, whether you can pronounce it or not, that is "it," and it is claiming public attention in the German states in a manner promising for the feminine sex.

Within the past two or three years the innovation has been made of the appointment of women as factory inspectors for operatives of their own sex, of course, inside of very narrow bounds and altogether dependent on and responsible to masculine superiors. The German ladies' paper, Frauen Daheim, contains a resume of the first full reports from the newly appointed women officials. Public sentiment in the empire favors the new system, and the report shows its excellent workings. The writer in Frauen Daheim says that after Can-



DR. ELIZABETH VON RICHTHOFFEN.

ada, England and France had approved and generally adopted the scheme of women factory inspectors at length in 1897 Saxo-Weimar cautiously ventured to make the experiment. Other states followed. The last one of all to appoint the woman inspector was, mark you, that stronghold of militarism and imperialism, Prussia.

The studious, careful German mind paid a degree of attention to the qualifications for their office of the women inspectors which may well be commended to Canadians. The fine lady from society who goes mingling into work places with patronizing air, holding up her skirts daintily and sticking out her little finger, concerning the needs and labors of factory women knowing or caring as little as a bird does about Sunday—this fine ladyish person has place on none of the German lists. Heretofore in Prussia the two women assistant inspectors were both actively employed in factory work in the capacity of department overseers or superintendents. In Wurtemberg the post was given to the widow of a former factory owner, while in Hesse a practicing woman physician was made inspectress. In Baden one of the most learned ladies in all Germany, Elizabeth von Richthofen, doctor of philosophy, who passed her Heidelberg University examinations summa cum laude—with highest honors—has accepted the office of factory inspectress. One admirable requirement for all the women is that they shall have sound health and be able to endure perfectly the fatigues of travel and extremes of heat and cold.

Elizabeth von Richthofen was born at Metz twenty-seven years ago. When she was eighteen, she passed her examinations and became a teacher, first in Metz, later in Heidelberg. It was in the classic old university town in 1897 that she resolved to study for a university degree. She was educated partly in Berlin, partly in Heidelberg. In the summer of 1901 she passed her final examinations magnificently before the faculty of philosophy at Heidelberg, winning the most illustrious honors in political economy.

Such is the woman who in Germany does not esteem it beneath her to accept a place under the Government as inspector of factories where women are employed. The precedent might well be followed by Canadian women university graduates as well as by those who have the appointment of factory inspectors. Oddly enough, however, this very fact of her brilliant qualifications for her office at first created a prejudice against Dr. von Richthofen in the dumb and stu-

pid minds of many women artisans. Ignorance and stupidity ever look on learning with suspicion. This prejudice, however, the accomplished Dr. von Richthofen is rapidly overcoming.

In Germany, as elsewhere, the worst obstacles to righting the wrongs of women are the indifference and more or less sullen resignation of the women themselves. German female factory operatives know their wrongs, but they are used to them, and they are often too ignorant to comprehend that any human being can really cherish a disinterested desire to see justice done them.

CHRISTMASTIDE.

"Because there was no room." The blasts of winter are fierce and cold. The snow lies deep over hill and dale. But a star shines bright through the deepening gloom—
Room for the Christ-child, room!

Where man's distrust and his greed for gain Has frozen the floods of tender rain, Till never a flower of hope can bloom—
Room for the Christ-child, room!

In homes that deepest griefs have borne, Mid silent forms of those that mourn, In the shadows that gather around the tomb—
Room for the Christ-child, room!

Where nations are warring life for life, And a cry rings out from the fearful strife
As a dying people sinks to its doom—
Room for the Christ-child, room!

Room for the shepherds of Bethlehem, Room for the angels that sang to them, Room for the light, in the wintry gloom—
Room for the Christ-child, room!
—Willis Boyd Allen.

WHY HE WAS TURNED DOWN.

Good at Drill, But Knew Nothing of Shooting or Riding.

Over the signature "A Disappointed One," a witty correspondent, writing to the current issue of The Canadian Military Gazette, draws attention to some features of military training in Canada. He describes himself as having a grievance, and proceeds to describe an imaginary experience, thus:

"It is connected with the enlistment of men for the Canadian Yeomanry. Being anxious to see service and obtain some real experience in the field, I presented myself before the recruiting officer at London. I may say that I have been a prominent N.C.O. in a crack rural corps of No. 1 district, and have acted as drill instructor at the annual camps for several years. I have also attended two courses of instruction at Toronto and London respectively, and was fortunate to obtain high marks on both occasions.

"Well, when we were drawn up for inspection by the D.O.C. I was picked out among a number of others as being a likely man for selection. I passed the doctor as sound in every way, and was marked 'fit.' We were then taken to the miniature rifle range, and fired a number of rounds at a target. I acknowledge that I was not very proficient at this, nor at the riding test which followed, because I had never been instructed in this work. Consequently I was rejected. I was deeply hurt and pointed out to the D.O.C. my qualifications as a soldier and instructor. He replied that he was sorry, but men were wanted for work, not play. What was particularly galling to me was the fact that two friends of mine from the next county were both enlisted. They know no more about drill than a pair of goats, but as they spend a lot of spare time shooting rabbits in the winter they proved to be pretty handy with the rifle. This seemed to take the eye of the recruiting officer, so I was turned down. Now, Mr. Editor, what I want to know is why we are not taught these things at the schools, if they are the chief qualifications required when fighting men are needed.

"During my two courses at Toronto and London I never saw a row of ammunition, nor spoke to a horse. Can you explain matters or offer me any consolation? I must say that I believe in the theory that if a soldier can't shoot he is no use, and it does appear ridiculous that in the militia orders calling for recruits it is set forth that 'they must be able to shoot.' One might as well advertise for a cook, stipulating that she must be able to light a fire, or for an office clerk with the proviso that he must be able to write."

Anything Counts.

Minnie (writing a letter)—And oh, Annie, there are lots of men here. I've seen three this very day.

Nettie—But that isn't true, you know. We saw only two.

Annie—Three, including the scarecrow up in the field. In a case of this kind, you know, we must take advantage of all our resources.

Morgan's Dream.

"The dream of my boyhood days," observed J. Pierpont Morgan to a friend recently, "was to be a farmer and have the finest stock in the world—the dolce far niente of the farmer's life was my fancy."

"Well, you have your farm and your stock, to say nothing of stocks," retorted the friend.

"Well, but I am the man of all work and haven't got the dolce far niente and can't buy it either, big a price as I might be willing to pay for it."

THE DESERTED SHIP

A Story of the Days When the Slave Trade Flourished.

"Sail, ho! Three points on the port bow!" shouted John Tregaskis from the forecabin, where he was repairing the service of the footropes just where it had got chafed in the wake of the mast.

We were homeward bound in the ship *Hurkaru* from ports on the Madras coast, loaded with sugar in the lower hold and our 'tween decks full of bales of cotton. We had been favored with splendid southerly winds ever since rounding the Cape of Good Hope, and we had touched at St. Helena to put a sailor ashore who was dying of dysentery.

The strong southeast trades were blowing with vigor, and we were bowling off our nine knots an hour with all our stunsails set to starboard. The wind was just a trifle on the starboard quarter, and we had the weather clew of the mainsail hauled up. All hands were busy tarring down the rigging preparatory to painting ship, for the *Hurkaru* was a smart East Indiaman, and Captain Gulliver wanted her to be spick and span when she hauled into the London docks.

I was what the owners called a "midshipman," my father having paid £50 premium to them for the privilege of my wearing a brass bound cap, with their house flag on it, and a blue uniform for the few weeks while I was ashore. The rest of the year I cleaned out hencoops, fed the fowls, washed the captain's clothes, kept the steward's books, assisted Sambo, the negro cook, and turned the grindstone for Chips, the carpenter. Every Sunday I was allowed on the poop, and, having an old "pig yoke," was allowed to "shoot the sun," working out the latitude by the old 89.42 method and invariably getting it wrong.

I used to go aft with fear and trembling with my calculations worked on a slate and hand it to the "old man."

"No wonder I am getting gray and wrinkled," he was accustomed to exclaim, "with such a blue nosed imp as you to work my soul bolt out. Here the ship is in 15 degrees 10 minutes north latitude, and confound me if you haven't figured her to the northward of the line. Take that, and that, and that, you young swab. Why didn't you stop in your father's office clinging ink? You're fit only to eat and sleep. Get out of this!"

On this particular occasion when Tregaskis hailed the deck reporting the sail in sight I was up in the mizenmast setting up the topmast rigging with a "handy billy" tackle, assisted by another midshipman, who also hailed from London. We were not high enough up to make the strange craft out, but in about half an hour she hove in sight and we could see her plainly. She was hulled down and her canvas seemed to be in rags, flapping in the breeze.

"On deck there!" I shouted. "Hello!" sang out the captain, who was walking the poop, puffing huge clouds of black smoke out of a month that stretched from ear to ear. "What do you want now? Can't you set up that rigging without any help? Clap a stopper on your jaw tackle and go on with your work."

"Please, sir, there's a queer looking craft in sight from here. All her sails seem to have blown away."

The old man gave a grunt and came aloft to have a look at her, carrying a pair of good marine glasses slung around his neck. He got on the mizen top-sail yard and observed her closely for five minutes. Then he hurried down on deck and told the steward, who called the chief mate, whose watch it was below. Meanwhile he exchanged a few words with the second mate, who immediately afterward roared out in a stentorian voice:

"Lay down from aloft, every mother's son of you, and bring your tar buckets with you."

All hands got down as smartly as they could, feeling very much surprised.

"I wonder what ails the old hunka now!" growled an ancient sea dog, whose grizzled locks hung over his shoulders. "I guess it is some dodge to get extra work out of an honest crew. If he had sailed with some of the boys I used to go to sea with, he'd have been h'ated overboard long before this."

Just at this time the port watch came on deck, muttering and growling, for it was only four bells in the afternoon watch, and they thought they were safe until 4 o'clock.

We took in all the stunsails, hauled the mainsail up snug and kept away a couple of points, heading direct for the stranger with the flapping sails, which was now plainly visible from the deck.

The skipper and the mates held a close consultation on the poop and watched the craft through their glasses.

In a little while we were close alongside of her, heaving to about a quarter of a mile to windward.

She was a three masted topsail schooner. Not a soul was to be seen on her decks. If she had been abandoned, it must have been in a hurry, for every sail had been left set. This was evident to the nautical eye, although the canvas hung in tatters from yards and gaffs. She was long and low and, judging from her general appearance, must have been very fast. Originally she had been painted black, but only a few patches remained to tell the tale. Sun, wind and sea had left a her grayish white, and as she wallowed in the trough of the sea she looked weird and ghastly and ghostly.

"I tell you that that craft is the Flying Dutchman," said he of the grizzled locks.

"Flying Dutchman be darned!" replied a cockney sailor who hailed from Limehouse. "You order know better. The Dutchman is a full rigged ship, and that one is a topsail schooner. Gray hair ain't always a sign of wisdom, judging from the likes of you."

Presently we got the order to lower away the captain's gig, which hung from the port davits just as we had hoisted her up after leaving poor Olsen ashore at Helena. Accordingly we lowered her

into the water, and she was duly manned by her regular crew of four. I, who am now spinning this yarn, pulled bow.

We rowed right around her, looking for a convenient place to climb on her deck, but finding none we just made fast to the main channels by the painter, and I, being the youngest, scaled her side and jumped over her rail to her deck, just about the main rigging. Everything was as neat as ninepence. The ropes were all coiled snugly around the belaying pins, and there was no sign of disorder about the decks. I threw over the end of one of the running gear into the boat so that the skipper might hang on to it and clamber up. The old man caught hold of it and, having a lot of low cunning, just tried its strength. It was so rotten that it parted at once. The skipper muttered an oath and looked daggers at me. Finally he climbed up with the help of the painter, and after passing the boat astern, with one hand to take care of her, we proceeded to investigate.

The vessel had evidently been a clipper. Her skylights were beautifully carved, and the companionway leading to her cabin was as elegant as that of a yacht. The door, however, was locked. A thick blue mold incrusting the glass of the skylight on the inside, and the frames would not lift up. The hatchway leading to the forecabin was closely barred and bolted, while the fore and main hatches were tightly battened down.

Captain Gulliver, while cruising around the decks, stumbled across an old rusty iron crowbar, and with this he pried open the doors of the after companionway. He peered down below, and it was dusky and murky as a tomb.

He sang out: "Below there! Is there anybody below?" And then he hesitated as if in a quandary.

This was the first time I ever saw the old fellow show the white feather.

After a little while he braced up and, seizing the crowbar, broke open the cabin skylights, using, as it seemed to me, unnecessary force in so doing. A mysterious, pestilential odor ascended from the aperture.

"Go down below, Bill," said the skipper to one of his boat's crew. "and see what there is."

"Captain, I'd rather jump overboard and never come up again than go down that there companionway alone," was the reply of the scared sailor, whose timbers actually shivered with fear.

"You wretched coward, you've drunk your last tot of grog aboard my ship!" roared the skipper as he plunged down the cabin steps.

I followed him at a cautious distance, being far more frightened than he was. The stairs led down into a handsome and lofty saloon, beautifully hung with oriental tapestry. In a mahogany swinging tray above the cabin table were decanters and tumblers of cut glass. Although everything was covered with blue mold an inch thick, it was evident that a careful steward had been accustomed to rule over the destinies of the saloon.

On either side of the main cabin were a number of doors leading into staterooms. The skipper tried the one nearest the stern on the starboard side. It was locked.

"Pass down that crowbar, Bill," said the captain in quiet tones. He no longer put on the air of a swaggering blusterer, but acted as though he was in church listening to a sky pilot.

The crowbar was handed him, and with it he pried open the stateroom door. A strange and startling spectacle was revealed. With her head buried in the cushions of a low couch, on her knees before the image of the Blessed Virgin and with her jet black hair hiding her cheeks and descending in raven torrents down her back was a beautifully dressed woman. Beside her were a breviary and a rosary.

The skipper started back as though he had been shot. The woman actually seemed to hear the "Excuse me, madam, for intruding," he began, but at that moment, realizing that she could not be alive, he took hold of her gently. At his first touch the form collapsed and fell to the floor.

We all rushed on deck and found the *Hurkaru* with her hailing distance. Twenty sailors were sent on board the strange ship, and it was curious to see how brave we became when re-enforced by such a lot of sturdy jack tars. To make a long story short, we ransacked the vessel from stem to stern. In her lower hold we found the skeletons of 250 persons, all in iron manacles. There were just 250 of them, because I and a fellow midshipman counted them by order of the skipper.

This accounted clearly for the vessel. She had been a slaver and had been abandoned, though for what reason nobody could understand. She had probably drifted for years off the African coast far out of the track of ships, and this accounted for her not having been reported before. A sudden shift of wind must have wafted her off the land and driven her into the highway of the ocean frequented by homeward bound East Indiamen.

The mystery of the woman was deeper and darker. A brown sheet of paper, with big spots on it, telling clearly of tears, and some faded characters, which looked like Spanish, was found beside her. Nobody could interpret it.

The mate wanted the captain to tow the schooner to St. Helena and sell her for what she would fetch. The skipper, being one of the old school and superstitious at that, wouldn't listen to him. He said he was going to burn her, and burn he did. A barrel of coal tar and a bundle of oakum judiciously arranged worked admirably, and the poor Africans had a splendid funeral pyre.

Among Her Friends. Grace—Clara says that when Charley proposed she almost cried.

Maud—Well, why didn't she? Grace—I don't know. Perhaps her complexion wasn't waterproof.—Judge.

The Real Difficulty. She—Because I cannot marry you do not be disheartened. You must face the world bravely.

He—It isn't a question of the world. I've got to face my creditors.—Detroit Free Press.

People never improve unless they look to some standard or example higher and better than themselves.—Tyron Edwards.

There is in man a higher than love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness.—T. Carlyle.

A duck of a man is apt to make a goose of a husband.

It is but natural that a man should get hot when others "roast" him.

Little, vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the pleasure of forgiving their enemies.—Chesterfield.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.—Philip Brooks.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm. Nothing great was ever achieved without it.—Emerson.

We must conform, to a certain extent, to the conventionalities of society, for they are the ripened results of a varied and long experience.—A. A. Hodge.

The wisdom of nature is proverbial. But why she gave to man a jaw and teeth that enables him to bite off more than he can chew is a mystery.

When a wise man reaches the top of the ladder he immediately proceeds to make himself secure in the position.

CHOSEN FROM A MULTITUDE.

The Preference Shown By Thinking People for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine—Record Sales in October.

Considering the large number of remedies for coughs and colds that are now offered to the public, and in view of the fact that nearly every druggist has a preparation of his own which he makes an effort to substitute for the medicine asked for, it seems truly remarkable that the demand for Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine should increase by such leaps and bounds.

During October the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine exceeded by several hundred bottles the record of any previous month in its history. When it is remembered that this preparation received very little newspaper advertising the evidence seems to be conclusive that it makes its way by sheer force of merit.

Thinking people recognize the harmfulness and danger of using strong drugs which are said to cure a cold in a few hours. They prefer to cling to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which they know beyond a doubt to be a thorough and effective treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, throat irritation, asthma, and even consumption itself.

The combination of Linseed and Turpentine, with half a dozen other ingredients of equal value for treating colds, in such proportions as they are found in Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has proven to be a perfect protection against such developments as pneumonia, consumption and serious lung troubles. You can with certainty rely on this preparation to afford prompt relief and permanent cure.

Do you suppose that the sale of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine would be more than three times that of any similar preparation if it was not the most effective remedy that money can buy? It has stood the test and proven itself worthy of the confidence that is placed in it. People recommend it one to another, and so the good news spreads. Be sure you get the genuine, with Dr. Chase's portrait and signature on the wrapper: 25 cents a bottle. Family size, three times as much, 60 cents. At all dealers, or Edmondson, 200 E. Co. Toronto.

Lawyers occasionally make mistakes, but they seldom bring suit against one another.

A TRYING SEASON.

Little Ones Are Subject to Colds and the Result is Dangerous Unless Prompt Remedial Steps are Taken

The little ones are apt to take cold, no matter how carefully a mother may try to prevent it. While colds may affect children in different ways, the main symptoms usually are that the child grows cross, the skin hot, the appetite fickle and the child quite feverish. Unless something is done at once to relieve a simple cold, the result is often very serious—so serious, that many a child's life has been lost. There is no remedy that can equal Baby's Own Tablets in cases of this kind. These Tablets promptly break up colds and carry off the poisonous matter that has been retained in the system. By doing this they reduce the fever; the pulse becomes normal; the appetite is restored, and the child is again well and happy.

Mrs. O. E. Earle, Brockville, Ont., says:—"I always use Baby's Own Tablets for both my children, aged three and five years, when they are at all unwell. When my little girl was a few months old, she had a bad attack of whooping cough, and I found the Tablets very beneficial. Since that time I always keep them in the house ready for use. When the children are troubled with biliousness, any derangement of the stomach, are peevish or fretful, or when they have a cold, I always use the tablets, and am always pleased with the results."

These tablets are a certain cure for such troubles as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, diarrhoea, constipation, simple fevers and colds. They prevent croup and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. They are sold under an absolute guarantee to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. May be had from druggists or will be sent post-paid at 25 cents a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To find fault is easy; to do better may be difficult.—Plutarch.

Evasion is unworthy of us, and is always the intimate of equivocation. Balzac.

To accept good advice is but to increase one's own ability.—Goethe.

Haste to get rich keeps many a man poor.

Monumental Brasses.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century it occurred to some one to preserve the likeness of his departed friend, as well as the symbols of his rank and station. So effigies were introduced upon the surface of the slabs and were carved flat, but ere fifty years had passed away the art of the sculptor produced magnificent monumental effigies. Knights and nobles lie clad in armor with their ladies by their sides, bishops and abbots bless the spectators with their uplifted right hands, judges lie in their official garb and merchants with the emblems of their trade. At their feet lie animals, usually having some heraldic connection with the deceased or symbolical of his work—e. g., a dragon is trodden down beneath the feet of a bishop, signifying the defeat of sin as the result of his ministry. The heads of effigies usually rest on cushions, which are sometimes supported by two angels.

The Doukhebor Menu.

There are really only two meals a day in a Doukhebor household, breakfast being a most casual repast, consisting of a glass of kvass, a piece of bread and a bunch of radishes thrust into their pockets as they go into the fields. The fire is always lighted early in the morning, and then the stove is closely "damped" to insure slow combustion. At noon a hot meal is eaten. Soup made of kvass, with heads of young vegetables added, forms their usual dish. Tea is added when it is to be had and is taken alone slightly seasoned with spice. The evening meal is really a late supper, and bread and milk at present is the greatest luxury these poor people can indulge in.

No flesh meat is ever found in a Doukhebor household, and the marvel is how they can exist when both cows and fowls are so scarce that butter, milk and eggs are a rare treat. That they have at one period been accustomed to many delicacies in the way of palatable dishes it was very easy to see, and we were treated to some delicious "blinchi," or pancakes, made with the yeast they had manufactured from the wild hops of the country. "Vareneka," or curd, dumplings were also very good, and their fried potatoes, eaten with butter and sour cream (smetana), were better than "Saratoga chips." Young onions and fruit, when they are to be had, are always served. In front of nearly every house stands a young tree stripped of its bark and neatly trimmed; on which hangs the household utensils which require airing, a novel and excellent idea.—Lady Barnard in The Globe.

Needs Lots of Ink.

"Now, Charles, let us make out a list of your debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand."—London Tit-Bits.

Professional Brevity.

Complaining Camel—Doctor, what makes my back ache so?

Dr. Monke—Carrying it. Two dollars, please.—Brooklyn Eagle.



SALZER'S SEEDS

Bearless Barley.
Is produced in great quantities in the Salzer Seed Co. New York, 300 Bushels per acre. Does well everywhere. That pays.

20th Century Oats.
The oat market, producing from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Salzer's Oats are warranted to produce great yields. The U.S. Dept. of Agriculture has the very best that pays.

Three Eared Corn.
200 to 300 bushels per acre, is extremely profitable as present prices of corn. Salzer's seeds produce everywhere. That pays.

Marvel Wheat.
Yields 1 to 30 bushels per acre over 40 bushels per acre. We also have the celebrated **Maroon Pearl Wheat**, which yields 40 to 50 bushels per acre. That pays.

Speltz.
Greatest cereal food on earth—no brew, grain and 4 times magnificent hay per acre. That pays.

Victoria Rape.
Makes it possible to grow rape, clover and cattle at a cost of but 10c. It is the only profitable crop that grows everywhere. That pays.

Bromus Inermis.
Just wonderful grass of the century. Produces tons of hay and lots of pasture besides per acre. Grows wherever soil is good. Salzer's seed is guaranteed. That pays.

\$10.00 for 15c.
We wish you to try our great farm seeds, hence offer to send 10 farm seed samples, containing Thousand Bushels Rape, Timothy, Rape, Alfalfa, Speltz, etc. (fully worth \$10.00) to get a start together with one acre sowing, for 15c. postpaid.

John A. Salzer Seed Co. LA CROSSE, WIS.

YOUNG WOMAN—AGED 21—Just come into possession of \$14,000—wishes to correspond with honest, intelligent man, who would appreciate a good wife. Box 2,538, Toronto, Ont.

THE HASLAM LAND AND INVESTMENT COMPANY

Winnipeg and St. Paul.
DURING THE LAST FOUR MONTHS we have sold between \$400,000 and \$500,000 worth of property in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, and we expect to sell a very much larger amount than this during the next four months.

WE HAVE A CONNECTION COVERING the whole of the Northwest Territories, and are in communication with a large proportion of the prospective buyers of Canadian farm lands and other real estate in Manitoba and the Territories. We are advertising extensively in the daily and weekly papers and have about 100 local agents. We have a demand for improved farms in Manitoba and for business property in the towns and villages in Manitoba and the Territories. We have continual inquiries from parties who wish to rent improved farms. We are in a position to advise prospective buyers (if unable to sell them) as to where they will be able to make the best selections of land, as we have a system of inspection covering all the desirable localities in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY ANYTHING in the way of farm lands or city property, communicate with us; and if you want to sell anything have it listed with us. If possible, give us thirty days' option at your price, as we will then make a much more active effort to sell than if it was left in our hands in common with other agents. We own and have for sale 200,000 acres of land south of Indian Head. In the best wheat and flax growing country of Canada, which we are offering at from \$5 to \$7 per acre; land that we expect to have sold within the next three months. It is an opportunity to get into this choice district which will not occur again; and the lands which will grow 35 to 40 bushels of sound wheat to the acre are very limited.

THE HASLAM LAND AND INVESTMENT CO., 1019 Pender Street, Building St. Paul, and P. O. Box, Winnipeg, Man.

Qualifications of French Deputies.
A candidate for the French Chamber of Deputies must be 25 years of age and an elector and must have completed his terms of compulsory service or otherwise fulfilled the requirements of the military law. There is no property qualification of any kind. Hence the poorest citizen who can find a sufficient number of electors ready to vote for him encounters no monetary stumbling block on the road to the Palais Bourbon. The result is that many men possessed of no financial resources present themselves as candidates, and a certain number of gentlemen who succeed in attaining the position of deputy, with its emoluments of 25 francs a day, draw a larger income as parliamentary representatives than they would easily earn in other capacities.—London Daily Mail.

Candor.
"I never pretend," said Colonel St. well, "that I take alcoholic beverage for medicinal purposes."
"The subterfuge is sometimes indulged in."
"It would not do for me. It would create the impression that I am chronic invalid."

THE HERALD

PONOKA, ALBERTA.

When Dorothy Comes Back,
When Dorothy comes back to town,
The drooping summer lifts its head;
The skies forget they wore a frown,
And all my woes are quickly sped.

Methinks the ocean pounds the shore
As if it knew it beat in vain,
Since Dorry watches it no more
Nor any courier of her train.

The city smiles, and in the park
The grass is greenest underneath;
The tide of hurry stays to bark
The patter of her little boot.

She's here; but though she smiles, she sighs,
As though she heard the hissing foam
And saw the bath is plunge and rise
And thought herself too early home.

I fear, in truth, her face so brown
Is all that makes her half content,
When Dorry by some path to town,
It simply means her time is spent.

—Twin Topics.

The Publisher of the Best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states:

I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitations.

Weak men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated diseases rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound, unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquillizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite, Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and, gauged by the opinion of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All chemists sell it.

No man has a moral right to disclose a cloven breath during the honeymoon.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE
Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase, Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

Give a man half a chance and he will tell of a grudge he has against some other man.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Some people while on earth try to live on the interest of their imaginary treasures in heaven.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only cure—situated, cure to the market. It is not potent, but it does from 9 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and cures all catarrhs of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Sent for electricity and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best.

A man is supposed to be landed when he owns real estate, or when he invests in a marriage license.

In washing woollens and flannels, the soft soap made from Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will be found very satisfactory.

Nothing jars a man so much as the discovery that he has married a woman who delights in coming down to his office and putting things in order.

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmenter's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for a night in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Despatch is the soul of business.—Lord Chesterfield.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is used by Physicians.

That which is given with pride and ostentation is rather an ambition than a bounty.—Seneca.

Let thy discontents be thy secrets. Benjamin Franklin.

Your Faith

will be as strong as our if you try

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents, and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a Cough or Cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years.

S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can.

Karl's Clover Root Tea cures indigestion

Genius is infinite painstaking.—Longfellow.

'Let me take your check,' is the most popular after-dinner speech.

Hope For Consumptives

HOW THE RAVAGES OF THIS SCOURGE MAY BE STAYED.

Statistics Prove That More Deaths Occur From Consumption Than From All Other Contagious Diseases Combined—How Best to Combat the Disease.

The ravages of consumption throughout Canada is something appalling. In the province of Ontario, where statistics of deaths from all diseases are carefully kept, it is shown that 2,286 of the deaths occurring during the year 1901 were due to consumption, or about 40 per cent. more than the number of deaths occurring from all other contagious diseases combined. These figures are startling, and show the urgent necessity of taking every available means for combatting a disease that yearly claims so many victims. The time to cure consumption is not after the lungs are hopelessly involved and the doctors have given up hope. Taken in its early stages, consumption is curable. Consumption is a wasting disease of the lungs and at the earliest symptom of lung trouble steps should be taken to arrest the waste and thus stop the disease. Consumption preys upon weakness. Strength is the best measure of safety. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic and strength builder known to medical science. The record of this medicine speaks for itself and proves conclusively that taken when the symptoms of consumption develop they build up, strengthen and invigorate the patient to a point where disease disappears. In proof of this take the case of Ildege St. George, of St. Jerome, Que., who says:—

"About a year ago I became greatly run down. I lost color, suffered constantly from headaches and pains in the sides; my appetite left me, and I became very weak. Then I was attacked by a cough, and was told that I was in consumption. The doctor ordered me to the Laurentian Mountains, in the hope that the change of air would benefit me. I remained there for some time, but did not improve, and returned home feeling that I had not much longer to live. I then decided to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After using several boxes my appetite began to return, and this seemed to mark the change which brought about my recovery, for with the improved appetite came gradual but surely increasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the weakness disappear, until finally I was again enjoying good health, and now, as those who know me can see, I show no trace of the illness I passed through. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope my statement will induce similar sufferers to try them."

These pills are also a certain cure for the after effects of la grippe and pneumonia, which frequently develop into consumption. Through their blood-renewing, strengthening qualities they also cure anaemia, heart troubles, neuralgia, rheumatism, stomach troubles, kidney and liver ailments and the functional weaknesses that make the lives of so many women a source of constant misery. There are many imitations of this medicine and the health seeker should protect himself by seeing that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on every box. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Actions speak louder than words. Some men never say die, yet they all have to do it.



THEY SOLD HORSES.

But Not Just Exactly the Kind She Wanted.

She stood before the telephone with all the independence of a woman who can transact her own business.

"I would like to get your price for a good horse," she said.

"Only one?" came over the wire.

"Yes."

"Well, it is out of our line to sell a single horse."

"Out of your line?"

"Yes, we only sell them complete."

"I never heard of such a thing! I guess—"

"Perhaps you wish to replace a horse?"

"I wish to replace the last one we had."

"Well, in that case perhaps we can accommodate you."

"Accommodate me? Why, I thought you would be glad to make the sale."

"Oh, we have about all the orders we can attend to. If you were going to buy a string and an organ?"

"An organ? Do you sell organs?"

"Certainly! They go with our business. We can fix you up a modern organ and—"

"But I don't wish an organ. I only want a horse."

"What color?"

"I prefer a black horse."

"Black? Why, that will make a poor showing. If you wish a good color let me advise you to take a blue."

"Blue?"

"Certainly! That will attract the people."

"It would attract too much attention."

"Then gold would be handsome, but more expensive."

"A gold horse?"

"Yes, or green. Suit yourself."

"One moment. Isn't this Mr. Roan, the horse dealer?"

"No, this is Circle & Co., makers of merry go rounds and flying horses."

ATTACKED BY A HERON.

Boy Tries to Capture the Bird and Nearly Loses His Life.

"I've hunted everything from gray squirrels to grizzlies," said a veteran Philadelphia sportsman to a writer in the New York Times, "and the nearest I ever came to being seriously injured by any sort of game was one time when a wounded bird attacked and tried to kill me."

"I was a boy then and went down to a creek that flowed through my father's farm to watch for a mink. It was early in the evening and a blue heron came and sat within tempting gunshot. I knew it would spoil my chances at mink to shoot the bird, and I didn't intend to do it, but, kidlike, I raised the gun and took aim just to see how I could kill it if I would. I lowered the gun and then raised it again. Every time I raised it I would touch the trigger gently. After awhile I touched it too hard, the gun went off and I started toward the heron, which was wounded."

"I thought it would be a good scheme to catch the bird and started to do so when its bill shot out like a sledge hammer and struck me between the eyes. When I came to my senses, it was dark, and it was several minutes longer before I could remember where I was or what had happened. A little harder and the bird would have killed me. I shudder even yet when I think what would have been the result if the bill had struck one of my eyes."

Treachery of Tropical Nature.

"It is very like a fairy story," said Esther under her breath.

"Very," said he. "And in fairy stories there are witches, enchanters and horrible things that come out of the forest, are not there? Well, so it is there in South America. There is a background of danger. One must keep one's eyes open. Here in England nature is safe and kind, eh? You can play with her as if she were an old tabby cat, but out there she is a striped tiger, beautiful and fierce and never to be trusted."

"There is everlasting strangling going on in the woods. Even the flowers are not kind and harmless. The orchids twist and perch and swing and bloom on branches they are hugging to death. You break a twig of something that looks like a vine, and its milk raises a blister on your hand; you touch what you think is a leaf, and it gallops off on a hundred legs! The animals pretend to be vegetables and the vegetables to be animals. Every living thing is trying to protect itself with all its little might and main and to get the better of its enemies, just as the people in towns do. Oh, the high woods of the Andes are not moral, they are not Christian, I assure you! Nature is opulent, and she is splendid, but she isn't good."—"The Alien," by F. F. Montresor.

The Lesser Evil.

John—Here, Maria, I'll sing to the baby while you dress.

Maria—No; let him cry.—Boston Herald.

OSHAWA MIRACLE IS EXPLAINED

How a Remarkable Case of Paralysis Was Cured.

THE MOST INTERESTING MAN IN CANADA.

Joseph Brown Attracts Attention of Physicians, Scientists and Sick People.



JOSEPH BROWN.

From the Mail and Empire.

Oshawa, Ont., March 3.—Joseph Brown, whose case was fully reported in the Mail and Empire some time ago, seems to be the most talked-of and written about man in Canada. He is in receipt daily of many letters from all over the Dominion. Physicians and scientists, as well as sick people, write him, and many and often amusing questions are asked. To all Mr. Brown answers: "I have given my sworn statement, and it tells my story. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me, and that after I had been partially paralyzed and unable to move for over four months, and given up by many doctors." Many people have been puzzled as to how a kidney medicine can cure paralysis. This is easily understood when it is remembered that the kidney poison, which is the direct result of kidney weakness, is most destructive to all healthy tissue and nerve.

Nothing can constitute good breeding which has not good nature for its foundation.—Bulwer.

A cruel story runs on wheels, and every hand oils the wheels as they run.—George Eliot.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

One ounce of Sunlight Soap is worth more than Two ounces of impure soap. **REDUCES EXPENSE**

Ask at the Octagon Bar. If your grocer cannot supply, write to LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, Toronto, sending his name and address, and a trial sample of Sunlight Soap will be sent you free of cost.

PAGE WIRE FENCE
This is the Page Standard II Bar Fence, made of "Page" wire which is twice as strong as common wire. The continuous coil, note wavy appearance, allows for expansion and contraction which is important owing to Canadian climate. Our upright wires are in one piece and have strength of about 600 pounds. If made of pieces spliced at each horizontal, they would have a strength of only about 300 pounds. We also make gates, ornamental fences, poultry netting, nails and staples. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. 6.
ROSS & ROSS, General Agents, Box 633, Winnipeg, Man.

Everyone wants the best value for his money.
Buy Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea and you will certainly get it.

A very young man is apt to lose his heart and head simultaneously.

The lie that flatters I abhor the most.—Cowper.

DYSPEPSIA OR INDIGESTION occasionally by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secrete the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also being the principal cause of his disease. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. W. F. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmenter's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes I have tried."

The Horse—nobler of the brute's creation—when suffering in a cut, abrasion, or sore, derives much benefit as its master in a like predicament, from the healing, soothing action of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Lameness, swelling of the neck, stiffness of the joints, throat and lungs, are relieved by it.

Purpose is what gives a meaning.

Knowledge is the root, will the stem, and results the grain.

Keep MINARD'S LINIMENT in the House.

Every time care drives a nail in your wooden overcoat laugh heartily and draw it out.

No person should go from home without a bottle of Dr. J. D. Keeling's Dysentery Cordial in their possession, as a change of water, cooking, climate, etc., frequently brings on summer complaint, and there is nothing like being ready with a sure remedy at hand, which oftentimes saves great suffering, and frequently valuable lives. This Cordial has gained for itself a wide spread reputation for affording prompt relief from all summer complaints.

An Irish philosopher says zero weather is due to the fact that the heat of the sun is colder in winter than it is in summer.

MINARD'S LINIMENT Lumberman's Friend.

Cleanse the fountain if you would purify the streams.—A Bronson Alcott.

Childhood may do without a grand purpose, but manhood cannot.—J. G. Holland.

THROW OUT THOSE OLD BATTERED FACES

And let us supply you with a clean cut, modern lot that will brighten up your pages and please your readers and advertisers. Write us for estimate on anything in printer's material. : : :

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY CO'Y
175 McDermot Ave., Winnipeg.

Correspondence.

Morningside.

Seeding is well under way in the locality. The farmers expect the usual Alberta harvest.

Fred Baugh sold a half section of land last week.

Tom McCue and Peter Stickler were guests at the Alberta over Sunday.

A. L. Fairfield has bought the Herman Molt farm. Mr. Molt expects to leave for Nebraska soon on account of the illness of his wife. His many friends here regret his departure.

Randolph Flegal and John Blackstock, raised their houses last week and snigled them. The sod roof will soon be a thing of the past.

Ed Mathias expects to put in the most complete of lumber here to be found on the C. & E.

Miss Phoebe Pennington left for Calgary last Tuesday where she has obtained a lucrative position.

The surveyors are expected here in about 10 days. The parties who are so anxiously waiting to build will soon be able to do so with the assurance that they will not have to move.

Mrs. Holofkoff reports a ready sale for her silverware. She expects to increase her stock, shortly.

Frank Strain is clerking in Fairfields store.

Seafeld Pubhe School District.

Mr. Stratton and family have moved into Nathaniel Ledgerwood's place.

Mr. and Mrs. Slater will move onto their railroad land.

Mr. McLean, from Exeter, Nebraska, an old friend of J. W. Christie's, is looking the country over with a view of investing in a tract of land. Two gentlemen from Fremont, Neb., are accompanying Mr. McLean with the same purpose in view. The gentlemen were very much impressed with the appearance of this locality, but did not care to pay the prices asked for land in the Garden of Alberta—to wit: \$25 per acre.

John C. Bell has about completed the school house, and does not care to take any more contracts for the season, as he intends spending more time hereafter visiting and organizing churches.

The "horny handed son of toil," Joe Ledgerwood, is busily engaged at his farming operations. Joe does not need to work every day for the reason that he can do more work in one day than most men can do in a lifetime—if you give him his choice of work.

John Holofkoff has closed his blacksmith shop at Morningside, and has gone to more congenial pastures, "where the woodbine twineth and the whangedoodle mourneth for his first born."

ALLAN'S TIN SHOP NOW OPEN.

I now have my Tinshop open and will be pleased to fill any and all wants in this line. New and up-to-date equipment.

R. K. Allan.

FOR SALE. FIRST-CLASS RANCH.

WITH
45 Head Cattle
Team Horses
Implements
Tools
Provisions

A BARGAIN
For Cash

For Price and full particulars, apply to...

PITCAIRN,
Real Estate Agent

The Season's Immigrants.

The following are those who have unloaded immigrant cars at Ponoka this season:

J Smith, Tilden, Neb, 1 car.
R Parks " 1 car.
H Holder " 1 car.
B Sutley, Meadow Grove, 1 car.
R H Duffield, Smithland Ia., 1 car.
L Robinson, Oaks, N. D., 1 car.
W H Jones, Neb., 1 car.
A Harper, Neb., 1 car.
T C Morris, Neb., 1 car.
I A Hunt, Oldham, S. D., 1 car.
Emil Wold " 1 car.
A Maloy, Madison, S. C., 1 car.
W Laun " 1 car.
J E Kyle, Dewitt, Neb., 1 car.
D. Raines, " 2 cars.
S W Kyle " 1 car.
J W Woods, " 1 car.
Jos Hynek, " 1 car.
John Dunder, " 1 car.
B A Boggs " 1 car.
J R Griggs, Arvonia, Kas, 1 car.
J W Lewis " 1 car.
John Jenkins " 1 car.
W H Hopington, S. D., 1 car.
John Bowes, Cedar Hill, Ont, 1 car.
Wm Bryant, Ticonic, Ia, 1 car.
Wm Dean " 1 car.
A J Golden, " 1 car.
S Obermeir " 1 car.
J Coons " 2 cars.
J Bush " 2 cars.
E Pendleton " 1 car.
W C Howard, Org, Minn, 1 car.
W K Wilson " 1 car.
Thos Hongsten, Fenton, Neb, 1 car.
C Erickson, Bigelow, Minn, 1 car.
E Erickson " 1 car.
G E Beck, Benedict, Neb, 1 car.
D Gillies, Madison, S. D, 3 cars.
J H Dieckau, Atkinson, Neb, 2 cars.
E McCaughey, Edgemoor, Minn, 2
D S Gardner, Laval, Que, 1 car.
W Gerdner " 1 car.
M J Rodinson, Maple Creek, Assa, 2
F Sheridan, Tilden, Neb, 1 car.
E C Morrill, Madison, S. D, 1 car.
Thos Williams, Mapleton, Ia, 1 car.
Geo Rogers, Woodbine, Ia, 1 car.
C B Davidson, Cromwell, Ned, 1 car.
Henry Hertz, Tilden, Neb, 1 car.
S B Shrieve, Pender, Neb, 1 car.
Thos Ray, Wilmington, Ill, 1 car.
Mathew Ray " 1 car.
Harmer, Pine Island, Minn, 1 car.
J Simpson, Caldrege, Neb, 1 car.
C H Crocker, Hastings, Neb, 1 car.
A L Hitchcock " 1 car.
H Jacobson, Lidgerwood, N. D, 1 car.
W Clark " 1 car.
Robt Clark " 1 car.
C H Stratton, Geddes, S. D, 1 car.
E R Mattern, Baltic, S. D, 1 car.
G W Headley, White S. D, 2 car.
Wm James, Carroll, Neb, 2 cars.
S A Reed, Surprise, Neb, 1 car.
G A Brewer " 1 car.
J L Beach " 1 car.
G S Brewer " 1 car.
Sandy Tugman, Duluth, Minn, 1 car.
A C Appleby, Wakita, OT, 1 car.
A T Anderson, Bigelow, Minn, 1 car.
E Eloffson, Worthington, Minn, 1 car.
A Fauskee " 1 car.
S J Converse, Des Moines, Ia, 1 car.
J H Pedley, Cairo, Neb, 1 car.
H Hageman, Ainsworth, Neb, 1
J H Unlane, Wilber, Neb, 1
J McEachren, Sioux City, Ia, 1
W G Foreht, Herry, S. D, 1
J N Sparks, Edmonton, Alta, 1

There are yet many enroute or making preparations to come and at the end of another year the Ponoka district will compare favorably in point of settlement with any in the Territories.

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may be
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by
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BUSINESS
MEN.

The Ponoka Herald
ident of the Ponoka District. We want Neighborhood Correspondence.

COST ...SALE for ONE MONTH.

White sugar 15 lb	\$1.00
Brown sugar 15 lb	\$1.00
Rice, good, 4 lb	25c
T & B Tobacco	25c
Evap. Apples	15c
Prunes, 3 lbs	25c
Royal Crown Soap, 3	25c
40c Green Tea	30c
50c Black Tea	40c
Dust, 2 lbs	25c
6 Yeast	25c
Coffee, ground	15c
S B Flour per cwt	\$2.30
Patent	\$2.50
Canned Tomatoes and	
Corn,	15c
Raspberries, Strawberries	20c
Salmon, 2 cans	25c
At Postoffice Fairbank...	
W. J. EARL.	

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Lengthy experience and a thorough knowledge of the country particularly fits Mr. Trimble for this business. Satisfaction guaranteed. Office and barn next to Massey-Harris building on Railway St.,
Horses for Sale. W. N. TRIMBLE, Proprietor.

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Highest Market Price Paid for
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SEED GRAIN.

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GURNEY'S STOVES.